NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 08236663 8

Mt. Lebanon to Vermont.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/mtlebanontovermo00hadd

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE HADDAD

The Tuttle Company
Publishers
Rutland, Vermont
1916

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

MR. GEORGE HADDAD

WITH HIS DAUGHTER EMILY, WHO HAS BEEN OF GREAT ASSISTANCE IN THE PREPARATION OF THE BOOK, AND HIS SON ELIAS, WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS FATHER'S SAFE RETURN TO THIS COUNTRY BEFORE THE OUTBREAK OF THE EUROPEAN WAR

MT. LEBANON TO VERMONT

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE HADDAD

TAKEN DOWN BY HIS DAUGHTER

EMILY MARIE HADDAD

WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF

BERENICE RACHEL TUTTLE

With an Introduction by

JOHN ABNER MEAD, M. D., LL. D.

Governor of Vermont, 1910–1912

"As the mountains are 'round about Jerusalem"

SG

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
780187
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 196 L

Copyright 1916
George Haddad

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

The Tuttle Company, Publishers, Rutland, Vermont

This Little Volume is Dedicated to
one who will never be forgotten by her children

My Mother

Hadlea Kantious Haddad

from whom I am parted by thousands of miles
and a cruel war.

May God soon give peace to the nations!

Table of Contents

Page

Introduction 1

Part I

Chapter I—Boyhood in Syria 3

Chapter II—Travels around the Mediterranean 27

Chapter III—America at Last 51

Chapter IV—Visits to Syria 61

Chapter V—The New Home in America .. 119

Part II

Syrian Recipes 135

Appendix

Reprint from Bulletin A. M. N. H. 171

List of Subscribers to this Book..... 177

List of Illustrations

Page

Mr. George Haddad ..... Frontispiece
Correct Druse Costume 15
Beyrouth Harbor and Railroad Station .. 21
The Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor 55
Notre Dame de la Garde, Marseilles, showing inclined railway 71
American Museum of Natural History.... 74
Ras el-Ain, Source of Baalbek's Water Supply 84
St. George, Patron Saint of Syria 96
Tomb of St. John in Omayyade Mosque, Damascus 110
Center Street, Rutland, Vermont 124
A Marble Quarry 128
Plant of the Howe Scale Company 130
Coelodus syriacus, Photograph 174

INTRODUCTION BY GOVERNOR JOHN ABNER MEAD

INTRODUCTION

AT THE urgent request of my friend and fellow townsman, Mr. George Haddad, I am attempting a few lines of introduction to his autobiographical sketch, the writing of which has afforded him special pleasure as it has given him an opportunity to publish his love for his adopted country and again to revive the scenes of his early life in his native country — far away Syria. Biographical histories and sketches of travel are always interesting and instructive as each succeeding author will view the same facts and scenes in different aspects each inspired by new thoughts and lessons.

Thus in presenting to his numerous friends not only in the new world but in that most ancient (the oldest of the old), his personal history, Mr. Haddad has given an interesting account of a successful life.

Deprived of many early advantages which would have added to his native strength, his career is one of which he may be justly proud

and although he does not possess "wealth beyond the dreams of avarice" he has the assurance of a comfortable future. His children in their pleasant home "rise up and call him blessed" and the pleasures of home and kindred afford more real pleasure and delight to his heart than the dreams of ambition.

Mrs. Haddad has placed in this book many formulas for Oriental delicacies which will appeal to all housekeepers, for the confections of the Orient are famous. These are brought to our own doors and will be surely prized.

Mr. Haddad should have the endorsement of the patronage of Rutland for he is a man industrious and trustworthy, honorable and patriotic, being very loyal to the beloved country of his adoption. His principles of integrity in his relations to his fellowmen should find a cordial recognition from every resident of this city which he and his loved ones now call home, and where he has resided for twenty-two years, respected and honored by all.

JOHN A. MEAD

CHAPTER I
BOYHOOOD IN SYRIA

Part I

Life of George Haddad

CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD IN SYRIA

Why I write my story—Parentage and ancestry—Situation of Barook—Where the water rises—The district of Lebanon—The mountains of Lebanon—Crops and occupations—How to raise silkworms— Occupations of Barook—The blessed cedars —First wages—The Druses—The churches of Barook—The fighting in 1860—Settlement of difficulties—The schools of Barook—Trips to Damascus and to Zebedani—Mr. Sirsuck takes me in hand—Good advice—Smallpox—The call of the West.

MANY friends of mine have asked me how I happened to settle in Rutland, Vermont, so I thought I would write my story, for them all to read.

I was born in Barook in the district of Lebanon in Syria, May 22, 1866. My parents were Hadlea Haddad and Habib George, who was the son of George Deyha Haddad. I have not examined the church records to learn where my

great grandfather, Deyha Haddad, came from to settle in Barook, but land has been recorded there in the name of Deyha Haddad for over one hundred seventy-five years. The Haddad family is the largest in Syria, and nearly every place you go there you find people by that name.

The family of Deyah Haddad, my great-grandfather, it is supposed, came to Lebanon from Basra, "a four days' ride" or about eighty miles east of Damascus. Deyah Haddad lived to be 95 years old and when he died left four daughters and one son, George, my grandfather. Deyah's brother, Karam Haddad, lived in an old-fashioned house beside him in Barook, and his large family and that of Deyah were brought up in close friendship. My own cousin Assad had eleven children and others of my people almost as large families, so that now I have hundreds of relatives throughout Lebanon, as well as in South America and the United States.

Barook is twenty-five miles southeast of Beyrouth and four miles from Mount Lebanon, which at this point is over 6,500 feet above

sea level. It is a grand summer resort for all Syria and Egypt, as are many other towns on the slopes of Lebanon. The water rising at a fine spring a mile or two east of the town is carried to a distance of thirty miles northwest, supplying the towns down to the city of Sidon. No one knows how long Barook has been in existence.

The spring at Barook covers three acres of land; the water rises here and there and forms little brooks and all are connected by streams which flow into the river. Above the spring is a high mountain and below it the river flows through a wide valley between two hills. The spring is surrounded by groves of pine and willow, and all together the scenery is wild and beautiful.

On the slope above the spring are many rocks and among them is a long white stone cut into the shape of a tomb, six feet long, five feet deep and four feet wide; the stone itself is eight inches thick and there is no knowing how many feet it is deep in the ground. The tomb has no cover and there are no inscriptions on it to show who made it or who used it. Indeed

it greatly puzzles people to know how this tomb came to be where it is as it is impossible for any human being to live very near here on account of the many rocks, the unleveled ground and rough roads.

When I was a boy I visited this tomb many times with my mates and saw how in the Spring it was full of rain water. The tomb is called in Syrian, "Juran el-Namus," Namus meaning tomb.

The district of Lebanon is about ninety miles in length by thirty-five in width. Though the district consists almost entirely of rugged mountains with deep rocky gorges and difficult roads, the high valleys and lower slopes of the mountains are carefully cultivated and support a thousand villages with approximately 500,000 inhabitants. The number has never been exactly counted but is estimated from the number of people paying taxes. Fortunately, its natural products are many and valuable.

Like Vermont, the mountains of Lebanon contain great quantities of marble and granite — hence the name Mt. Lebanon, meaning "white mountain." It is said in the Scriptures that

when the great Temple of Jerusalem was under construction, seventy thousand men were kept at work getting out stone from this district, while eighty thousand worked at cutting and polishing it. The "blessed" cedar of Lebanon was also used in great quantities in the Temple. There is much snow on the mountains, lasting through most of the year on the greatest heights — consequently, Lebanon is the coldest district in Syria, but in the valleys the temperature is moderate the year around.

There is a large annual crop of olives, besides grapes, figs, oranges, lemons, apricots, almonds, and walnuts, and various grains. Along the seacoast are fields of sugar-cane and there is a good supply of pine and cedar for lumber. But the principal occupation of the people nowadays is the cultivation of silkworms, as the moderate climate is favorable to the mulberry tree, the leaves of which are the only food fed to the silkworms.

The worms come from tiny round eggs, dark green in color. These are now cultivated in Syria from year to year, but the first ones were brought to Constantinople from China,

hundreds of years ago, being carried out secretly in a cane by a monk, who wished to start the industry elsewhere. About the middle of April in Barook — earlier in warmer parts of the state — the eggs are spread out in a warm room and smoked for a few days to make them open. The tiny worms are then put on a wooden tray and for a month are fed with mulberry leaves, cut very fine with a knife used for no other purpose. Every week they are shifted to a clean place on the tray, and it is necessary to have the hands, knife and everything about the room very clean. By the time the worms are sixteen days old they can be fed whole leaves.

Almost every family in Barook, when I was a boy, raised silkworms in at least one room in the house. I used to like to feed the worms and helped my mother at it a great deal. When I went in to feed them I had to carry a candle as the room was always kept dark.

When the worms are ready to spin their cocoons boughs are placed about the room for their use. The cocoons, which are about an inch long, are then gathered, weighed, and sent

to the factory in baskets, a portion being saved for "seed" the following year. The chrysalis has to be helped out of the cocoon by cutting the threads and the butterfly dies soon after laying the eggs. These mutilated cocoons are not wasted, as the raw silk is converted at home into clothing for the children.

At the factory the cocoons are put into hot water, killing the chrysalis. They are then dried out on a wooden screen, and the silk is wound off, ready to be spun and shipped to Europe. There are a hundred and fifty silk factories in the state of Lebanon.

Barook is noted for its grapes and its fruit trees, especially mulberry, fig, plum, almond and walnut trees. The people also raise grain and wheat and many of them are merchants who deal in horses and sheep. There are no factories in Barook but most of the girls crochet all kinds of lace and do embroidery.

Directly opposite Barook is the "Ebhool" or "Jebel el arz," meaning the mountain of cedar, and this part of the mountain belongs to the town of Barook. From here one views many

towns towards the east and west and the Mediterranean is very plainly seen. There is one large spot here thick with cedar trees, with trunks ten or twelve feet to where the branches start and spring up to a height of sometimes a hundred feet. The trunks of the largest trees measure twenty-five feet in circumference; almost as large as those of the garden of Rustum Pasha.

The word "arz," the Syrian word for cedar, is taken from a Hebrew word meaning strong. There are cedar trees in many other parts of the mountain. No person is allowed to cut a living cedar trunk from Ebhool and they are charged so much for every load of dead trees they take, but tourists who wish to have cedar cones from the trees may take all they want.

About fifty miles north of Ain es Halta, which is the northern part of Lebanon, above the village of Besherreh, there is a group of six hundred eighty trees including large and small. These grow on the slopes of the mountains, at a height of six thousand feet above the sea level. Rustum Pasha, the third Christian

governor of Lebanon, protected this grove against animals by a well built stone wall. Some of these cedars are probably hundreds of years old, but now there are only a dozen of the largest trees remaining but some of these have trunks over forty feet around.

The first money I earned was in connection with the cedar grove. When I was about eleven years old I was playing with my mates in front of the school when four tourists on horseback stopped and called me to them. They wished to know the way to the "Arz" and I told them what direction to take and walked along a little way with them. For this they presented me with a coin, Nus Magadi, worth about forty-two cents. When I reported to my teacher, Mr. Assad, he patted me on the back and told me not to lose the money. After school I ran home and showed it to my mother, who kissed me and told me that she would invite some of my friends for a party to celebrate. My father was also glad that I knew enough to show them the right direction. The next evening I had the party, and we enjoyed ourselves with singing and dancing, and games very much like the

American blind-man's bluff and hide-and-go seek.

The population of Barook is a little over two thousand five hundred. There are not so many Christians, as the Druses, who practice a religion similar to that of the Mohammedans, but are not allied with them. Their prophet, or Messiah, is Hakem Biamr Allah, Caliph of Egypt and a descendant of Fatima, a daughter of Mohammed. He claimed for himself authority as an incarnation of God. This doctrine was, however, unpopular with the Egyptians, and the Druses (named from Darazi, the principal preacher of it) emigrated to the mountains of Syria, where there are now over 200,000 and probably 75,000 of these are inhabitants of the district of Lebanon.

The Druses are intelligent and hospitable people, mostly well educated, and they treat their women with the greatest courtesy. They do not believe in smoking and drinking. Some of the young men may smoke but not with the approval of their elders. Their dress is much like that of the Christians except for white sashes around their turbans, but many now

CORRECT DRUSE COSTUME

dress in the American costume. They marry only once and divorce their wives only in very severe cases. The Christians may make friends with the Druse women but they do not shake hands when they meet and no marriages take place between Christians and Druses.

The women of the Druses are usually handsome. They wear on their heads white (or if in mourning, black) silk, linen or muslin scarfs about two or two and a half yards in length, which cover their faces all except one eye. Often the Druses of the upper class take their wives with them to their meetings but the young folks are not allowed to go. These meetings are held every Friday evening in a stone building something like a temple.

The two churches of Barook, St. George and St. Anthony, are built of white stone and are not very large, though they seemed large to me in my childhood. The floors are of red stone and the high altars are of marble and there are pictures of the Stations of the Cross on the walls. The men occupy the front of the church and the ladies the back, the two parts being separated by a screen.

My uncle, David Haddad, who was my mother's brother and husband of my Aunt Martha, gave a great deal of money to the church as well as to the poor people of the town, and is buried in the church of St. Anthony.

My mother told me that when there was fighting between the Christians and Druses in 1860 the Druses in Barook did not massacre any Christians, as they are all friends. When my father and many other men were on their way to Zayla, where a great battle was fought later, they were overtaken and attacked by the Druses in the fields of Zahir el-Bidr, three miles east of Ain Drira. In this battle my father was one of the flagbearers and was wounded in the leg, and my uncle and several of my cousins lost their lives. The Christians lost a large number of men, of whom over twenty were from Barook and Fredise, a town one mile north of Barook, but the Druses had the worst position and lost more men, many of whom were their leaders. After this battle the Christians went on to Zayla, which is about twenty miles northeast of Barook.

The women who were left alone were obliged to do the work of the men. One day my mother was on her way to the vineyard and a man came up to rob her, but she escaped safely. She went to one of the most influential of the Druses in Barook, Ottoman Bey, and told him, and he found the man and punished him severely and a law was soon made forbidding the Druses to touch the Christian women.

In the summer of 1860 the Christian women, seeing many Druse strangers coming into town, took their children and all the goods they could carry to Zayla, where their husbands were waiting to fight the enemy. Zayla is a Christian city, having a usual population of 20,000 but at this time over 150,000 Christians had gathered there for safety from different parts of Lebanon and Syria. After a few months so many Arabs and Druses came to Zayla that the women and children had to flee once more, this time to Beyrouth. The Christians fought the Arabs and Druses but were driven back to Beyrouth, where their wives and children were.

A short time after, and to the great relief of the Christians, French troops landed in Bey-

routh, sent by an agreement of the great Powers of Europe. All who had been away fearing massacre returned to their homes. Everything at our house was safe. The French troops did not leave until a partial independence under the Turkish flag had been given to Lebanon. My father was interested in protecting the Druse houses and their women and children from injury before peace was concluded. The first Christian governor under this arrangement was David Pasha. The government in Lebanon is now good and there has been no trouble between Druses and Christians since that time.

There are two schools for girls and boys in Barook, both in small stone buildings. The Syrian school is, of course, much older, but it is pleasanter to go to the American missionary school. The building is very clean and neat, and there are benches for the children. There is a half-hour recess every morning, and every few days the children are taken on a picnic. Both Christians and Druses go to these schools because the Druses do not have a school of their own. The Christian children play with their

Druse schoolmates. When I was ten years old, this American school was started and I attended for a few years. The people of the town were glad to see the American missionaries open a school in Barook.

While I attended this school I used to hear about the grandeur of America and kept it in my mind until I grew up, but no one had gone to America from Barook before me to tell us what America was like, and the teaching was all in the Syrian language, so I had no chance to learn English.

When I was sixteen years old my father died and six months later I left with my uncle Assad on business to Damascus which is about fifty miles east of Barook. It was the first time I had left home on a long journey. As there was no railroad our travelling was done on mules. We stayed in Damascus for three days and during that time we enjoyed ourselves in the oldest city in the world. My uncle did his trading and then we returned home. A little later my cousin Jonas, who is a fruit buyer, took me with him to Zebedani, where the finest apples grow, to buy apples to ship to Barook.

I had a good friend in Beyrouth, Mr. Joseph Afenda Mutran, whom I had met when he was camping for the summer in Barook, and through him I obtained a situation, six months later, in Beyrouth, in the household of Mr. Moses Sirsuck, the richest man in Syria. The Sirsuck family own several banks in Syria and Egypt.

Mr. Sirsuck, who is one of my best and oldest friends, is an elderly man, rather small, but noticeable for his beautiful smiling face. His son's wife, Mrs. Emily George Sirsuck, conducts a school in Beyrouth and helps the poor a great

BEYROUTH HARBOR AND RAILROAD STATION

deal. She sometimes sends things to poor people who never know where they come from. Many people who have worked for the Sirsucks have become wealthy, and they are very generous to all their people.

Mr. Sirsuck used to take me with him everywhere he went and I was always pleased to go. When we were at home he called me early every morning to help him in the garden. He had his cup of Turkish coffee and then until 7:30 breakfast we would move the plants or do whatever was needed. I asked him why it was that he got up every morning to work in the garden, having four gardeners to do it, and he replied, "I am anxious to do it, because it is good for the health and will develop the system."

When I was working in the garden with him he told me something of how the family became rich. He said:

"My boy, George, my father had six sons and for many years we all worked at weaving silk in our small factory. The money we earned we gave to father, who invested it in land.

"Before he died my father called us six boys to him. We saw in his hand a bunch of sticks

and he told us the old story of how they cannot be broken unless they are taken apart, and we all tried and saw that it was so. 'And now,' he said, 'don't let anything, whatever, separate you boys from each other.'

"When my father died we started to trade in wheat and other things along with the factory and after a short time we sold the factory and worked in different trades, but we did not forget my father's instructions. After working together for a time we had enough means to establish a big trade. One day a ship came to port carrying Turkish caps and we bought them all and made a great fortune on them. After a few years we each had a mansion of our own and the business is still running under the names of Sirsuck Bros., and Sirsuck & Cousins."

While I was with the Sirsucks I was taken ill with smallpox, but did not know what the matter was. When Mrs. Sirsuck saw me she knew at once and wrapped me in her own knitted shawl and called the coachman to take me to the French hospital of the Sisters of Nazareth. I shall never forget what good care they took of me, so that the disease did not leave a mark

on me. I had a private room and Mr. Sirsuck paid all the expenses of my illness. Mrs. Sirsuck sent messengers to the hospital twice a day to see how I was getting along. When the doctor came in, he used to say to me, "Haddad, you will be all right, do not be afraid."

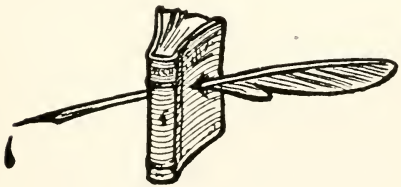
When my mother knew I was ill, she came to Beyrouth with my brother, sisters and other relatives, but the doctor would not allow them to take me home, so after a few days they returned home, sending every day to ask how I was. I remained in the hospital forty-five days.

When I recovered I thanked the Sisters and doctor for what they had done for me and returned to Mr. Sirsuck's house. They were all pleased to see me well, and the shawl Mrs. Sirsuck had wrapped me in I sent to my mother and she still has it.

One evening a ball was held at the home of Mr. Sirsuck in honor of the Admirals of the English and French fleets there in Beyrouth. The governors of Syria and of Lebanon and the representatives of all foreign countries stationed in Beyrouth were invited and there were not

less than six hundred people at this grand entertainment.

Mr. Sirsuck entertained many American tourists while I was there and they also told me of the grandeur of America and of how much I would like it. I remained about two years with him, and hastening home asked my mother's permission to go to America.



CHAPTER II

TRAVELS AROUND THE MEDITERRANEAN

CHAPTER II

TRAVELS AROUND THE MEDITERRANEAN

To Alexandria via Cyprus—Work at Ramuld—Sarephath and St. Elias—Tyre now and long ago—Acre and Dagset El Farrus—Haifa and St. Elias again—Brigands request tobacco—Caesarea, Jaffa and Jerusalem—Port Said and finally Alexandria—The cafes of Alexandria—The pillar of Diocletian—Attractions of Ramuld—Marseilles and good Paul Nemher—Adventure at Barcelona—Malta and its history—America not yet—A horse story—Vacation trip to Cairo—The Pyramids—Marriage to Mary Aschkar.

WHEN my mother refused permission for me to go to America I returned to Beyrouth, and sailed from there for Alexandria, Egypt, where I was sure I could get a place in the household of Mr. Sirsuck's nephew, George Bey Sirsuck, whom I had often seen at Beyrouth.

I had to wait two days at Cyprus for the steamer for Alexandria and during my stay there I enjoyed myself in the city of Limasol. Limasol has a population of ten thousand and is the headquarters of the British garrison, as

the island was under British protection, though then owned by Turkey. In the present war it his been taken over entirely by Great Britain. Wine and locust beans are its principal exports. It has some fine houses occupied by British officers.

I worked for a year for Mr. Sirsuck's nephew in Ramuld, just outside of Alexandria, doing the trading for his house and having charge of all his help. After another year, spent in selling tobacco in my own store, I sold the place and went back to Barook, intending to take my mother and brother to America. They would not go, however, and did not let me go either.

I stayed home six months, then returned to Beyrouth and started for Jaffa on horseback, being determined to go to America. It took about three weeks to get to Jaffa as I stopped at different cities on the way.

Between Sidon and Tyre are the ruins of old Sarephath. Only a few houses remain. This is the place where the prophet Elias, or Elijah, met the widow who so generously shared her last bit of meal and oil with him, and was re-

warded by the miraculous preservation of her son, as told in the Scriptures. I have always been interested in Elias and when I had a son I named him after him.

The present city of Tyre, in Syria called Sur, meaning wall, is of no particular importance. Its seven thousand inhabitants are under the Turkish government of Beyrouth. I was told that ancient Tyre stood on this same site and also covered an island opposite, and I was of course reminded of all I had heard about that wonderful city. The sea has covered many of the ruins, but they showed me old tombs cut in the rocks, and some remains of a cathedral over 1500 years old.

I was also told that in the sixth century before Christ, Nebuchadnezzar had failed to get possession of it after thirteen years' siege by land and sea. Two hundred and fifty years later the city fell before Alexander the Great, after a battle of seven months. Although almost destroyed in this contest, the city regained its prosperity, but after Alexander, fell under the rule of many other powers, and was even taken by the Crusaders. When I heard this I was

greatly surprised and said at once that it was too bad that such a grand city should be covered by the sea.

After a day at Tyre I left for Acre, stopping at Ras El Ain, meaning "where the water rises." The owner of a mill there took me around to see where the water comes from four brooks, one leading to another and all very deep, so that the water looks blue. In ancient days they drew their water from here for the city of Tyre.

A few miles from Ras El Ain on the way to Acre is a mountain called Dagset El Farrus, meaning "Horse's Footstep." The ocean has formed a cave cut deep into the base of the mountain, five hundred feet below the road. When we arrived at the top of this mountain, a man told us to get down from our horses and hear the story of "Dagset El Farrus." This story was of a bride coming from Acre to Tyre, whose horse missed his step on this spot and horse and woman fell over the precipice into the sea.

We stayed at Acre two days. This is a very old city, strongly fortified long ago, and once

the chief landing place of the Crusaders. It has several walls one within another, and there is only one gate, on the south side of the city. Napoleon was unable to conquer it, and so he was stopped on his eastward march here.

From Acre we went along the Bay of Acre to the small city at the foot of Mt. Carmel known as Caifa, or Haifa, and from there climbed Mount Carmel to the church and cave of the prophet Elias. Here we stayed at the Carmelite Monastery, which is hospitable to all travelers.

The church is of stone with a floor of red and white marble. The high altar is of marble and beautifully carved. There are pictures of the saints on the walls, and a large picture of Elias. The cave is always lit with candles, and was only a few steps from the church.

From Haifa we went on to Jaffa, about thirty-five miles south, over a sandy road. The way was said to be very dangerous on account of treacherous Arabs, but I did not fear them as I had friends with me. About fifteen miles outside the city we were stopped by five of them

on horseback but all they did was to ask me for tobacco.

Between these two cities we spent two days at Caesarea, a very splendid city under Herod, but nothing but ruins is left of the old buildings, and there are but few new houses, inhabited by fishermen. From here the Roman centurion, Cornelius, sent for Peter to the house of Simon the Tanner in Jaffa, where he had seen the vision, as told in the Scriptures.

Jaffa, or Joppa, is a beautiful old city, with groves of oranges which are as large as the California oranges, and many other kinds of fruit. The harbor is very rough and full of reefs. No steamer comes to port, but all stop a few miles out and send passengers into Jaffa by rowboats. People claim that the ark was built here by Noah.

I stayed at Jaffa a month and took a trip up to Jerusalem, about thirty-five miles inland. While in Jerusalem I visited the strange Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and other important places such as the Mosque of Omar, which is built on the site of Solomon's Temple. The great rock shown in this mosque is the center

of many legends and stories. On it Abraham is said to have sacrificed, only withholding Isaac by the intervention of Jehovah; on it the ark of the covenant rested, and the altar of the Temple was placed, and some even say that from it Christ ascended into Heaven. The Scriptures tell us that during the time of King Solomon, Jerusalem was the richest city in the world. No history shows how old it is, but the western section is probably the oldest. The wall around the city has four gates, one in each direction. While here I bought some goods such as rosaries of mother-of-pearl, crosses and the like, and returned to Jaffa.

I then took ship for Alexandria spending a day at Port Said. Port Said is a new city begun about 1860 as entrance and coaling station for the Suez Canal, which was opened in 1869. Port Said was named after Said Pasha, who was ruler of Egypt in 1854, at the time when the Canal was begun. Port Said has many beautiful residences and some of its streets are wide but it has no great mosques or public buildings.

At Alexandria, a walk of a few blocks from

the dock leads you to the park and the fine streets around it. In the park is the statue of Mohammed Ali Pasha who after the expulsion of the French, in 1804, became the ruler of Egypt. He was generous to his people and loved by them, and by the formation of a regular army, improvements in irrigation and the introduction of many elements of European civilization, he made Egypt a great country.

At the head of the park is the great marble Exchange office. The exchange is on the first floor of this building and also a cafe, where I have spent many hours. On the second and third floors are sleeping rooms which are rented to merchants from all the countries around the Mediterranean. Around the park are hotels, mostly for tourists, book and steamship offices, and cafes. The greatest of these is the Cafe of the Garden, which holds five hundred chairs. There are three or four other cafes of importance and in the whole city there are over a thousand of them. All the merchants have coffee before they go home for dinner, and at early evening they meet again to enjoy themselves. Some assemble around a narghileh or

water pipe, which is their custom, while others drink Turkish coffee, playing cards or checkers. The cafes are crowded, especially after eight o'clock and they are kept open until very late at night.

Pompey's Pillar, of red granite from Assuan, is one of the most remarkable objects in Alexandria. It is in the Moslem burial ground in the southwestern part of the city where I often passed it. This memorial was long supposed to have been erected in memory of Pompey who was defeated by Caesar in the battle of Pharsalia, and fleeing southward was murdered on the Egyptian coast, but the inscription on its base, now almost illegible, stated that it was erected in honor of Diocletian and so it should perhaps be called the Pillar of Diocletian.

There are many churches and mosques, among the former the Cathedral of St. Mark, built in his memory by the patriarch of Abyssinia, as the first apostle to preach Christianity in Egypt.

On the seashore just northeast of the city of Alexandria and closely connected with it is the beautiful summer resort of Ramuld, famed

for its flowerbeds in front of every house. Mr. Sirsuck's residence is here at Ramuld and while not so fine as his uncle's at Beyrouth, is a very fine house with large gardens. The streets are made lovely by date and fig trees, and tourists come here from all parts of the world. The Khedive of Egypt has a beautiful home here where he spends his summers. There are Syrian, English and Greek churches, each surrounded by a grove of date trees. In 1891 a railroad was built connecting Alexandria and this summer resort, but when I went there from America in 1914 everything was changed, electric cars were running, new buildings had been erected and there was a new park near the ocean.

On July 10, 1889, I sailed from Alexandria for Europe, as I supposed, on my way to America, but I did not succeed in reaching America as soon as I expected.

I landed at Marseilles, France, and while there met many Syrian people who also wanted to go to America, but a friend of my father's, Paul Nemher, residing on the square of La Rotande not far from that station, advised me not to go with them, as I could not yet speak

English, and from lack of money I was obliged to take his advice.

Mr. Nemher, who is now (1916) nearly seventy years old, has been a sponge merchant and traveled extensively with these goods through Germany, Switzerland, Spain and Africa.

I bought some goods at Marseilles to add to what I had from Jerusalem and Egypt and with five other Syrians, who were on their way to South America, went to Barcelona, Spain. This is a beautiful city; the churches are grand and the streets are clean. The soldiers of Barcelona march in ranks to church and before they enter take off their swords and guns and leave them outside in the church-yard guarded by other soldiers.

One day after I had been here about eight weeks I went to the Plaza de la Paz to sell goods, and was doing a very good business there when I was caught by a policeman who forbade me to go into the Plaza again. Thinking he was joking, however, I went again the next day and he saw me again and took me to the head man of the Plaza.

Although I told him that I had not done anything wrong, this man said I should be severely punished, and sent me to the police station with a guard. While locked up in the station I thought miserably about my mother's warnings against leaving my position and risking myself in strange countries. Although I felt that God would help me out of my troubles, I knew then as I do now that it is not wise for boys or girls to disregard their mothers' wishes.

At twelve o'clock my dinner was brought to me, but I refused to eat. The guard then left me alone and I began to rap at the door, calling aloud in my own language, which of course nobody understood, but ten minutes later the guard came back and took me to a parlor, where two guards were standing at the door.

In the parlor sat the governor of Barcelona, whom I knew by his uniform. He was a tall well built man about forty years old with fair complexion but dark hair and eyes. His wife sat at his right. She was also tall and dark, younger than her husband, and dressed in blue.

I saluted and the governor's wife asked me if I spoke Spanish, or English. "I speak a

little Italian,'' I replied. ''What have you done to have the policeman arrest you?'' ''I have not done anything except to sell goods.'' She asked me what kind of goods and where I came from. When I came forward to answer she saw the cross which is tattooed on the back of my right hand.

The tattoo on my right hand is a cross, over a crescent. When I was a little fellow, a man came to our town and seeing me standing with five or six playmates, he asked us if we wanted our hands tattooed. I gave him twenty-five cents and he printed the tattoo on my hand. When I reached home my father was very angry, and scolded me, saying I had no business to have a tattoo on my hand. Afterwards when my hand was swollen and painful I was sorry I had had it done, but when I was in Barcelona, this cross on my hand helped me a great deal. Then I thought to myself, how I wished my father was alive so I could tell him.

The governor's wife took out her handkerchief and I saw tears in her eyes. She spoke to her husband in Spanish, which I did not understand, and then took out her card and

handed it to me telling me that the people of Barcelona would be good to me and buy my goods. She gave me ten dollars for the goods that were damaged and I thanked her very much and went my way, but I am sorry to say that I have lost her card.

The governor's wife I think had come to go with her husband to dinner, because after I left the parlor I saw them get into a waiting carriage. She had probably heard the noise I made rapping at the door of the room, and asked the guard to bring me in.

The next day I went back to the Plaza selling goods. The same policeman saw me and shouted at me in Spanish which I did not understand. When he asked me what I was doing there again, I just gave him the card, and he bowed his head and saluted it with his hand and told me to sell as much as I wished.

Two weeks later the Syrians who were with me went on to South America and I was so lonesome that I started for home, sailing from Barcelona to Marseilles and from there to Alexandria by way of the Island of Malta, where I spent two days.

Malta really consists of three islands, Malta, Gozo, and Comono, the two larger divided by a deep and narrow channel in which lies the smallest island, Comono. This channel forms a harbor for British gunboats, which command the Mediterranean sea. This is an important station in guarding the way from England to India. Although so small, the largest 17 miles long, the islands are very populous, I suppose because it is not easy for the large families to raise money to get away when they grow up. The people are largely Arabic and there is not much of the Italian in their customs, manners or language, although the island is only fifty-eight miles south of the Island of Sicily. Their language is a mixture of Arabic and Italian, but English is of course much used.

Cotton is raised here, as well as fine large potatoes, and some wheat and barley. There are also vineyards and lemon orchards, and on the northern side of the island many sheep are pastured.

The city of Valetta, the principal harbor and capital city, is very clean, with pavements of white stone. The walls of its fortress, which

now belongs to England, are very high and fifteen feet thick. They were originally built for the defense of the Knights of St. John, 400 years ago.

After a week at Alexandria, I went directly home, by way of Beyrouth. My people were very glad to see me back but my mother still refused permission for me to go to America. I told her especially of the great brass statue of Christopher Columbus at Barcelona, sixty feet high, its finger pointed towards America, but it made no difference in her feelings. My Uncle David also, who was always very kind to my mother and her children, especially after my father's death, hated to have me come and did everything to prevent it.

But I insisted on starting out again, and sold some of the property left me by my father, to get money for the trip. I kissed my mother's hand and received her blessing, and then started once more for Alexandria, where I landed February 25, 1890.

It was a pleasure to meet all my old acquaintances, and Mr. Sirsuck was so much pleased to

see me that he gave me the work I had before, and I stayed with him until I went to America.

While here I used to enjoy a daily ride on Mr. Sirsuck's chestnut Arabian horse, worth $3,000. One afternoon when returning to the city, I turned at a rapid pace into a narrow street, and saw a hundred feet ahead of me, a nurse taking care of a little child. I thought to turn into a street at the left, but here was another nurse and child in front of me. Not knowing which way to turn, as there was a high wall between the two streets, I tried to stop the horse, but he was now so excited that he ran straight ahead and into a large tree that stood in the road. Down he fell on his knees and down I came with him. My forehead was cut, leaving a mark to this day. Three men carried me into a house nearby and bandaged my head while another went after the horse, but no one but myself could catch him. The poor beast was hurt on head and knees. I left him at the stable with the coachman and in time he entirely recovered. The Sirsucks were sorry to learn that the horse had been hurt but more sorry for me, and very glad that I had managed not to run

over anyone. Mr. Sirsuck kindly forgave me for the accident but since then I have never taken a ride on horseback for pleasure.

While in Alexandria I spent two weeks of my vacation in the beautiful city of Cairo. Hotel porters made a great noise at the station there and one could choose between taxicab and donkey to take one to the center of the city. The best hotels are on the Park of Cairo, and Turkish rugs, marble steps and plenty of flowers, make them seem very luxurious. Carriages are not allowed inside the Park, but it is always crowded with pleasure-seekers. There is an opportunity for rowing on a small pond, and swings and similar amusements for the children, and the band plays there daily.

The Mosque of El-Azhar, sometimes called the University Mosque, is one of the largest in the city and here thousands of Mohammedan students from different parts of India, Africa, Turkey, Persia, China and Russia come to learn the Koran in the Arabic language and to be grounded in the Mohammedan faith, rather than to get too much scientific learning. Grad-

uates of the school become teachers of the Koran throughout all the East.

Some of the streets of Cairo are wide and clean, but unfortunately not all. The palace of the Khedive of Egypt is a wonderful structure of white stone and marble. In front of the palace the soldiers drill, and every evening the band plays there while the Khedive is at dinner. But the museum is perhaps the most interesting place in Cairo, particularly to one who has first visited the Pyramids, as I did. Here in glass cases are very ancient jewels, mummies, and interesting carvings of the Pharaohs and their queens.

Of course, I visited the Pyramids, going on donkey-back, as there were then no electric cars. Just over the Bridge of the Nile, on the way, is another lovely park planned by Ismail Pasha, with a good collection of animals. The coffee-drinkers in the cafes around this park are delighted by a refreshing breeze from the Nile.

A few miles directly west from the Park are the Pyramids. The first you arrive at is that of Cheops, the Great Pyramid, which is four to

five hundred feet high and has a base covering eleven acres. Its sides are in direction with the four cardinal points of the compass, and each measures seven hundred fifty feet at the foundation.

The Pyramids were made as tombs for the Pharaohs. The sepulchres at the center are very small in comparison to the whole size of the Pyramid; if you wish you can enter that of Cheops, but only with the help of an Egyptian guide, who half drags you through the long slippery sloping passages, and this did not seem to me worth while. It is said that a hundred thousand men, possibly two or three times that number, worked twenty years in the building of the Great Pyramid. Some of the stones are from fifteen to thirty feet long and they average three feet high; as the facing has mostly disappeared, one can climb to the top as though going up steps, but not without the assistance of two guides. I climbed up a short distance only.

A few yards to the southeast is the Sphinx, cut directly from the rock. It is very large but almost covered by the shifting sand. One can

see the ears, eyes and forehead very plainly, although the stone is cracked from the heat of the sun and has been sadly defaced. When I saw it again, after being in America, I remarked how it looked like George Washington, first president of the United States.

About one hundred feet west of the Sphinx we entered the granite ruins of the temple, which was formerly entered between the paws of the Sphinx. Many of its rooms may still be traced though heaped with ruins. I measured one of the cornerstones inside the building and found it fifteen feet long. This greatly surprised me and made me remark how clever the men must have been who did such wonderful work. The walls of the temple are beautifully polished, and from it one can view what little remains of the ancient city of Memphis across the river Nile. I was told that in order to draw stone to build the Pyramids a bridge was erected which extended from the hill above Memphis to the Pyramids, but there are various other theories for the source of the stone and the method of obtaining it.

Only a few weeks after my return to my work in Alexandria, I married Miss Mary

Aschkar to whom I had been engaged for three years. Mrs. Haddad was born in the town of Salhyeh, about four miles southeast of the old city of Sidon, and came to Alexandria to be with her aunt. She had a position in a house near where I was working and I used to see her taking the air in the flowergarden before the door. We became good friends and took many long walks together. We were married December 27, 1891, by Rev. Father Michael Maloof.

CHAPTER III
AMERICA AT LAST

CHAPTER III

AMERICA AT LAST

America at all costs—Marseilles, Paris, Havre on the way —What about the language—Arrival at New York and suggestions—New Haven reminds us of Ramuld—Danbury, New London, Albany, North Adams—Rutland appeals to the mountaineer—Permanent home here—Business ventures—A good day's work at the barracks.

AFTER staying in Alexandria four months longer I decided to start once more for America, but without the consent of Mr. Sirsuck. He offered to make me superintendent of some of his property, thinking I would settle down and live there always, but I felt that I must see America. Mrs. Haddad did not wish to go either, but because my mind was on America, she made up her mind to go with me.

We left Alexandria on Easter Sunday, April 17th, 1892, after attending midnight Mass, and visiting several of the churches. From Alexandria to Marseilles, France, the sea was very calm. Mrs. Haddad enjoyed the trip very much, although at first she was afraid of the ocean.

After staying in Marseilles two days we left for Paris, and made connections at Havre, France, with a German steamer for New York, sailing April 26. Before leaving I met a Syrian who asked me where I was going, and said, "It is better for you to return on account of the language." But I did not mind him. I found, however, when I got to America that I could learn the language by talking to the people I met in business.

During our trip to New York we had some rough weather, but we arrived safely, on the 4th of May, 1892. As we entered the harbor the most prominent object we could see was the great Statue of Liberty. I asked someone what it was, and he replied, "That represents the Spirit of American Liberty." And I said, "I hope myself and my wife may have a share in this liberty."

When we arrived at Ellis Island every official who met us was kind and courteous, and although no one spoke Syrian we got along because Mrs. Haddad could speak good Italian. And so at last, in a small boat from the island, we came to the city.

After landing we got a truckman to take our things to the home of Constantine Nemher, a Syrian who kept a drygoods store at 75 Wash-

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY IN NEW YORK HARBOR

ington Street and whom we knew only by the address given me by a friend in Marseilles. I afterwards remarked to Mrs. Haddad that I was the first man to land in New York from

Barook, Lebanon, but now one hundred and seventy-five have come there from Barook. There were not many Syrian people in New York at that time either, perhaps three hundred, but in 1914 there were two hundred thousand in the United States.

While I was with Mr. Nemher I wrote to my mother telling her we had arrived in America and how surprised we were to see the grand new country. Mr. Nemher was kind to us and after three days sent us to New Haven, Conn., where I began business, peddling goods which I had brought from Egypt and France, also some bought from Mr. Nemher.

We stayed a month in beautiful New Haven. When we walked down along the bank of the Connecticut here we were reminded of our walks in Ramuld, when I first met Mrs. Haddad, but this only made my wife more lonely for her friends in Alexandria and on account of not knowing the language, and she wanted me to return to the old country. We went out to Danbury, Conn., also a nice little city, with mulberry trees like the ones we have in Syria, and we spent a day in New London, but finally we

had to go back to New York to Mr. Nemher and tell him we were going to return to Egypt.

Mr. Nemher persuaded us to try again, saying that when we got used to the country and knew friends here we would like America more than Egypt and would not wish to return. Accordingly, we tried Albany, N. Y., where business was good, but we were still very lonesome.

Three weeks later I met a Syrian, Mr. Abraham Shaha, who knew my people in Barook. He was very good to us, and suggested our going to North Adams, Mass., where there were a few Syrians from near Barook. We were very much pleased to hear of this and a few days after we went to North Adams, settled there, and kept a boarding house for a year and a half. While there I sent money to my mother for the first time from this country.

While living in North Adams I used to travel around on business and so happened to reach Rutland, by way of Castleton. On first sight, Rutland pleased me immensely, especially as its mountains and its good water made me think I was in Barook again. I also liked its good railroad connections, going in four directions,

and I found some Syrians living at Center Rutland whom I had known in Egypt. I returned to North Adams and told my wife of "Beautiful Vermont with its Green Mountains," and we decided to move to Rutland, after selling our furniture. This was in August, 1894.

We lived at Center Rutland at first, but Mrs. Haddad liked to come to Rutland to do her shopping and in October we moved to the city and have lived here ever since. All my six children, now living, were born in Rutland. After a short time I sent money to my mother through Mr. Charles West of the Merchants National Bank and she sent me a letter with her blessing.

In 1896 it became possible to buy some oriental goods from Damascus and Constantinople in New York. I travelled with goods of this kind, as I now do, and in 1897 added a line of oriental rugs and also introduced kimonas into Vermont. That same year my brother and nephew came to this country. I met them in New York and they were pleased with Rutland as I had been, and lived here several years. Some of my nephews are living in Rutland now.

One summer, while I was traveling with goods, I went out to a military post to show samples at a house in the barracks. Just before I arrived at the house I met the general starting out in his carriage, and said "Good morning" to him. While I was in the house showing my samples two soldiers came to the door and asked for me. The lady told me I was wanted by the general and asked me what I had done. I said, "Nothing at all." I left my goods with her and went with the soldiers. When I arrived at the office the general asked me what I was doing in the barracks. I told him that I was showing my samples of oriental goods and he asked me where I was from, and if I knew any one in town. I told him I was from Rutland, Vermont, and also gave him the names of several people in the town where I was. He asked me my name and then went to the telephone and called up the people whose names I had given him, to see what they would say of me. Apparently, he was satisfied, as he then said he would like to see my goods and sent a soldier with me to get them. He bought a few pieces, for which I thanked him and then

I shook hands with him and went out. He was a tall, pleasant-looking man, with a beard, and very well built.

The lady had asked me to return, and when I was on my way back an officer rapped on the window of his house for me, and when I went in he asked what the general wanted of me. I said he had bought some goods from me, and the officer said he was to be married in a few weeks and would like to see some nice things for his bride. He bought $65 worth of my goods.

I thanked him and went on to the lady's house. She also asked me what the general wanted and I told her that he had asked me my name and bought some goods of me. Then she bought some also and I thanked her and went out well satisfied with my morning's work.

CHAPTER IV
VISITS TO SYRIA

CHAPTER IV

VISITS TO SYRIA

A hearty welcome in the old country—Salhyeh and Saida—I take the family to Syria—The children take in the sights—Assin Bey and religious opinions—Beyrouth and the Sirsuck house—The carriage-ride to Barook—Buying rugs but not overlooking the Temple of the Sun—Aleppo and the caravan trade—Little Americans in Barook—Salhyeh again and the sights of Beyrouth—Egypt, France and finally America—Friendly conversation with Admiral Dewey—Another trip to Syria—The way to Damascus—The oldest city—The Omayyade Mosque—Saladin and Emperor William—Various cities and towns—All well at home.

IN 1899 I thought I would take a trip to the old country to see my mother and friends. On October 15th, I sailed for Cherbourg, France, going from there to Marseilles by way of Paris. When Mr. Paul Nemher, my good friend, saw me coming into his house at Marseilles, he was surprised, and asked me where I came from. I said, "From the United States," which pleased him although before he had discouraged my going. He embraced me and asked for my story from the beginning to that time.

After a two days' visit with Mr. Nemher at Marseilles, I sailed for Beyrouth by way of Smyrna and Constantinople. Both of these cities are interesting from their harbors and my sight of the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora made their part in the present war of great interest to me, but we made no landing before our arrival at Beyrouth.

My friends at Beyrouth were all surprised and glad to see me as it was my first trip there from the United States, but I was anxious to get on to Barook and stayed there only two days. On my way to Barook I passed through many villages and I told all the acquaintances I saw what America was like, and they all said how much they wished to go there.

About seven-thirty o'clock, I reached a point just below the town of Barook, where I was met by many relatives and friends. The church bells began to ring and my mother, knowing that I must be near, ran out into the street before her house to look for me. But I first went to the church to thank God for my safe arrival. When I reached home I found there besides my mother and sisters many people,

both Christians and Druses. Some of them I knew but some were from another town. I shall never forget how the house was crowded.

All the next week I spent in entertaining visitors. They gave me no chance to see my mother alone. I told them all of the grandeur of the United States and told my mother and relatives I wished they would come back with me. Many of them wished to come but my mother refused owing to her age. On my eleventh day there, I sent some men to get me cedar from Barook, and shipped it to Beyrouth to go to America.

After staying at Barook about two weeks I told my mother and friends that I must return to my family in America. I bade them all good-by, then having kissed my mother's hand and received her blessing, I left for Salhyeh to see Mrs. Haddad's parents. They also were glad to see me and to hear all about my wife and children, and the people I met there also asked me many questions about America. This was the first time I had been in Salhyeh, or seen Mrs. Haddad's family.

While at Salhyeh I visited Saida several

times. This is a small city of less than 12,000 inhabitants, about four miles west of Salhyeh, but it was in existence before the city of Tyre, under its old name of Sidon. Outside the city one may still see caves where people dwelt many hundreds of years ago, when this part of the world was Phoenicia. There are also ancient tombs, with coffins of granite, and relics of their civilization are constantly being found. I picked up and brought back with me to America a broken bit of glass.

Two miles northeast of Saida is a stone bridge, which was built many hundreds of years ago, and there are ruined mills nearby. A mile to the east the ruins of a tower which had been partly covered by earthquakes, were dug out in 1896. I noticed many mulberry trees around the tower when I went there again, in 1907.

The streets of Saida are narrow, some of them arched over with stone. Outside the walls are orchards, mostly oranges, and near the city gate is the new Catholic Cathedral, the "Church of Our Saviour," beautifully finished inside in marble with fine carving and rich painting. The balcony is reserved for women

and they have a special entrance at the west of the Church. Saida is the bishop's residence in winter; in summer he goes to Deir el-Kamr, also in his diocese, of which I will tell later. The church has a large orchard, with various fruits, and especially oranges, the best in Syria. From here they are shipped all over Syria and to other countries.

While at Saida I visited Dr. Eddy, head of the American missionary school there, through whom I had sent money to people in Salhyeh and Sidon. After visiting him a few hours I found that he was a very intelligent man and a great help to the Syrians. All who knew him, loved him very much. He has done a great deal for the schools of Syria. I visited one of the schools and found the students industrious and proud of their school in old Saida.

After a week at Salhyeh and Saida I spent another week in Beyrouth in order to buy goods, which I shipped with the cedar to New York. I sailed by way of Alexandria, Paris and Cherbourg, as I had come, taking the American Line for New York. I arrived in New York the 25th of January, 1900, and after a few days there

waiting to receive my goods, returned to Rutland. My family were all glad to see me and I began travelling as before.

In 1907 I received many letters from my mother saying that she wished to see my children so I decided I would go again to Syria, and this time take my entire family with me. I had then six children, Josephine, then eleven years old; Emily, nine years old; Lazera, seven years old; Elias, five years old; Hattie, two years old and Victoria, two months old. None of them had ever seen their grandmother, but the older children could understand and speak a little Syrian and knew something of the country.

On October 15, 1907, we left Rutland for New York, along with my brother Solomon, who had now lived in Rutland eleven years. He had planned to go back to Syria for some months. After a little over two weeks in New York we sailed on the steamer New York, of the American Line. My family then saw New York harbor for the first time and of course I was eager to point out the Statue of Liberty, which meant so much to me.

Our trip from New York to Cherbourg was calm and we were well treated by Captain W. J. Roberts, and the stewards. The ship's doctors visited our staterooms every day to see how the children were getting along. The stewardesses, Mrs. Williams and Miss Harris, were also very good to us all, and often took the children out on deck to get the air. The children were especially interested in the flying fish we saw far out at sea.

The steamer touched at Plymouth, England, for a few hours only, then continued to Cherbourg which we reached at about eight o'clock in the evening, after a trip of eight days on the sea. At ten o'clock we left for Paris, where we had to wait from six o'clock in the morning until the middle of the afternoon, to make connections for Marseilles. Mrs. Haddad was of course very tired from the night ride and the care of the children, so we went to a hotel for lunch and a rest, and I hired three taxicabs to take us to the station. We drove by way of the principal streets of Paris, that the children might see the Arch of Triumph, on the Champs-Elysees, the beautiful statue of the Republic,

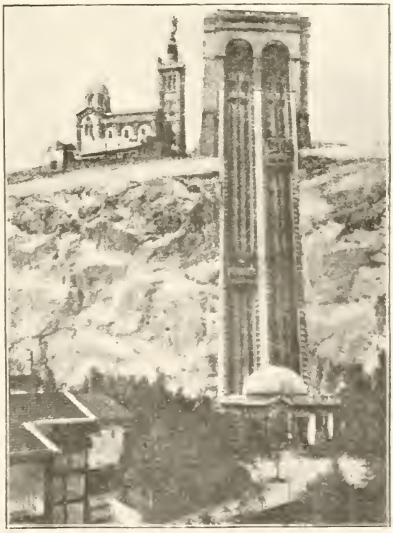
and many other beauties of the city, all of which they enjoyed very much.

The next day we arrived in Marseilles and Mr. Paul Nemher was greatly surprised to hear that I was there and my family with me. He was anxious to see them and brought Mrs. Nemher with him to the hotel where we were staying. We spent twelve days at Marseilles, and during this time Mr. Nemher, being well accustomed to the city, took a great interest in showing us around.

Our first trip was to the beautiful Church of Notre Dame de la Garde. This is at the top of a steep hill, and is reached by an inclined railroad. My wife and children preferred to walk up the hill, however, but we met the others outside the Church, where we could look up at the fine statue of Our Lady with her Son in her arms. Here we enjoyed the excellent view of the city and harbor, spread out as if on a table before us; and then we went into the Church, where I remember that some nuns were busy trimming the altar.

The next day we spent at the Zoological gardens, taking our lunch with us. As you enter

the gardens, you see a large fountain, the water coming out of the mouth of a bull. Beyond is the entrance to the museum, fronted by statues representing the products of the field, the grape, the wheat, and the corn. In the museum we found many things worth seeing, and then went through the great arch into the garden



NOTRE DAME DE LA GARDE, MARSEILLES, SHOWING INCLINED RAILWAY

where the animals are. Children were playing in the garden, and during the afternoon the band played. We enjoyed our day there very much.

On the steamer for Alexandria, a few days later, I had two of the children on deck with me when I met a Turkish officer by the name of Assin Bey. When I first saw him I did not know that he was an officer as he was not wearing his uniform. After greetings, I told him I was going to Barook, Lebanon, to see my people there, and he was much interested on hearing that I was taking my six children with me, as well as my wife. When he learned that I was from the United States, he said, "I would like to hear something about the United States. I have read much about it but would like to hear some more; what does it look like?"

I told him about what a grand country this is and how good the people here have been to me. He was especially interested in New York city and I told him about Brooklyn Bridge, Broadway, and Fifth Avenue, the American Museum of Natural History and the high buildings downtown. I described Central Park, and

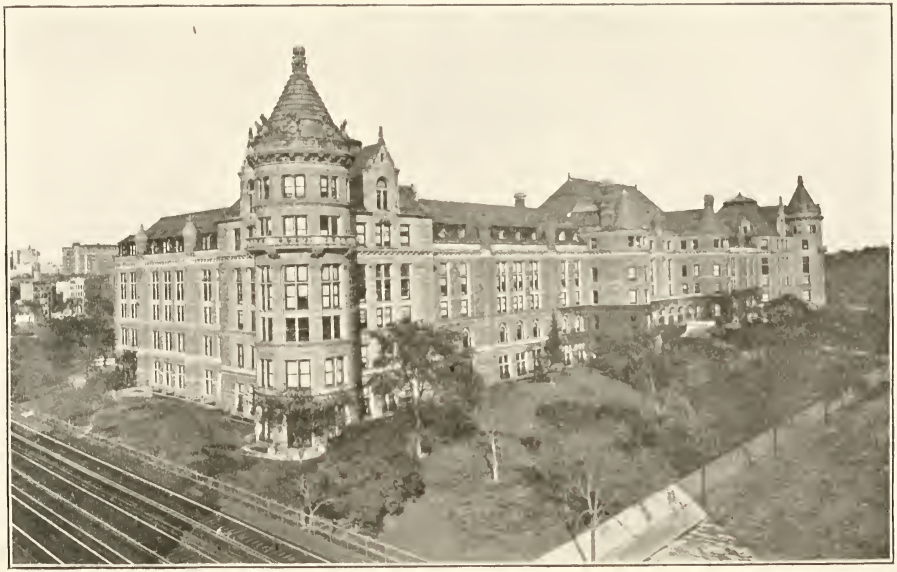
the Art Museum in the park, and then told something of the beautiful scenery on the Hudson River which I had seen in going back and forth to Rutland. After this I told him of the large cities of Philadelphia and Washington, D. C. — the nation's capital; of Chicago, Boston, and Albany. He asked me if my home was in New York, but I said, "No, it is in the city of Rutland in Vermont State."

"How far is it from New York?" he asked.

I told him about two hundred and forty miles, quite a distance in some countries but not in the United States, as it is only six hours' ride by train. He was greatly surprised, and then asked me if there were many factories in the United States. I said, "Many of them, by the thousands, there are so many I can not mention them; they are of all kinds."

"How about religion in America?"

I laughed and said, "Every man attends to his religion and it does not interfere with his business. I have a silver candlestick with me for the mosque in Damascus." He was surprised and said to me, "You are a Christian



AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK CITY.

and still are taking a candlestick to the mosque? That must be a great country and good for all the people living there. Have you lived in America fifteen years, and not forgotten the mosque in Damascus?'' I said, ''No, I was so struck with its beauty when I was there before that I thought I would take the candlestick and give it as a present.''

Assin Bey had gone to Marseilles from Tripoli and with his wife and son was now on his way to Mecca, by way of Beyrouth and Damascus. He was a tall and well built man about sixty-five years old.

On our way to Alexandria the ocean was very calm and we were seldom out of sight of land. About midway, when between Sicily and Italy, we could see the smoke curling up from Vesuvius. A little farther on, we saw from a distance the Island of Crete.

We reached Alexandria on the fifth day at ten o'clock in the forenoon. Many of our friends met us at the dock, among them Mrs. Haddad's aunts and cousins, who live there. We went to their home, and visited there eight days. During that time I took the family to see

many of the places where I had been before and the children were much pleased with the city. They particularly enjoyed a carriage ride over the fine concrete road to Ramuld. My friends at Ramuld were of course interested in seeing them.

Before landing at Beyrouth, early on the third morning out of Alexandria, we could see at a distance the beautiful mountains of Lebanon. The tops of the mountains were covered with snow, set off by the green on their sides. Two miles before we landed I pointed out the red roofs of the American School and about a mile before we came into the city we could see the American flag over the office of the American Consul. When the children saw the flag they danced and clapped their hands, thinking themselves in America again.

When we were getting into the rowboat that takes passengers to shore at Beyrouth, Assin Bey and his family got into the same boat, and as he had on his uniform I knew he was a Turkish officer. When we landed he introduced me to some of the officers in the custom house and I suppose he told them about the candle-

stick for the mosque. At any rate, one of them asked me if I had anything with me, but I did not have to pay duty on the candlestick. I shook hands with Assin Bey and he went his way, and we went to the hotel. About two o'clock a Turkish officer of the custom house came to the hotel with two other men to offer their services, and I gave the officer the candlestick to send to the mosque in Damascus. The next day I took my children with me to the office of the American Consul, who was very courteous to us.

We stayed eight days at Beyrouth, which is the capital and largest seaport of Syria, and a very progressive city. Trains leave the dock for Damascus, making connections midway to Hama and Aleppo.

In the center of the city of Beyrouth is the beautiful Serai or Capitol Square. Around it are many banks, cafes and hotels, besides the white stone Capitol. About two miles southwest of the Square are the fine buildings of the American school, which we had seen from the boat. The school is conducted by missionaries. It is the largest school in Syria and its students

come from all over the world. Many languages are taught. While visiting here I met Dr. Bliss, who was then at the head of the school, and also some of the students. There are many other schools in the city of Beyrouth and over twenty thousand students. We also visited the schools of the Convent of the Sisters of Charity and the Convent of Ladies of Nazareth.

The streets of Beyrouth are mostly of stone, and narrow. They are always crowded and especially in the morning when people go to the market. The shops are for the most part small and crowded together, but there are some large ones in the wider streets. Many of the new streets having jewelry stores have iron gateways that are locked every evening at a certain time. There are many silk factories in Beyrouth and a great amount of lace and embroidery is made there, as well as silk and woolen cloth.

Many of the Christians of Beyrouth dress in the European style and the Mohammedans the same, except for their headdress which is a veil or a fez.

While here, of course, I went to the home of

Mr. Sirsuck, taking my two oldest daughters with me. Mrs. George Sirsuck, Mr. Sirsuck's daughter-in-law, saw us coming and met us at the door. She was surprised to see us, but shook hands with me and kissed the children, and then took us to her mother's room. Mrs. Sirsuck was then a lady eighty-four years old. When she saw the children she was pleased and said to me, "George, George, have not you forgotten us? God bless you." I told her I was in Beyrouth only for a short time on my way home to Barook, and she asked me to visit her often while I was in the city.

Mrs. George Sirsuck then took us to see her husband, who asked me many questions about America. The Sirsucks are very well known in America and Europe, and were invited to meet Emperor William of Germany on his visit to Syria.

When we were about to leave Mrs. Sirsuck gave each of my daughters a silk embroidered bag full of candy, and told me to show the children the different rooms in the mansion, which is the grandest home in Syria. I showed

them the beautiful garden with its many different kinds of fruits and flowers.

Perhaps a description of the house, which was seven years in building, may be of interest to American readers. The house is three stories high and is finished in marble, inside and out. Two marble lions guard the entrance, and at the door, reached by a flight of steps from either side, is the statue of the owner. This entrance is directly into a large square hall, which entirely surrounds the reception room, of which the walls are wholly cut glass and mirrors. Opening out of the entrance hall are the library and parlor, and smoking and dining rooms, and at the rear are rooms for an elaborate Turkish bath, kitchen, etc. The parlor is opened only for special occasions; it is furnished with magnificent rugs and contains candlesticks of gold and silver, weighing certainly twenty pounds. The floor of the dining room, instead of marble, is of wood inlaid in an elaborate pattern. Its walls are sculptured in representation of fruit and flowers. Its chandelier is splendid enough for a church, and the state service is of gold and cost one hundred

and twenty-five thousand dollars. On the two upper floors are bedrooms for family and servants, and in all the house contains over fifty rooms.

We took carriage all the way to Barook, an all-day ride but the most comfortable way for my wife and children to travel. We passed through many villages, and along the roadside were many olive trees and different kinds of fruit trees. At three o'clock we arrived at Deir el-Kamr and stopped to look around the town, especially the monastery. We met many old friends here.

Deir el-Kamr has some good streets and stores, and a few modern houses. The building of the county court or Serai is good and there is a spring in the center of the town from which people draw their water. Many small towns do their trading in Deir el-Kamr.

From here we could see ahead of us Beteddin, the capital of Lebanon for about a hundred years. I had been here before and spent several months. When we entered the square the soldiers were drilling. Their quarters are on the square, and beyond are

the steps leading under a stone arch to the Serai, which is built upon a rock. On the arch is the name of the builder of the place inscribed in gold. The governor has lately greatly improved and enlarged the Serai, which serves as his summer residence. At the gate are guards and inside the court is a large fountain surrounded by the rooms in which the governor resides. In winter he resides in Babda. Since 1827 Beteddin has been supplied with water coming from Ain Ez Halta, ten miles away.

In the afternoon we continued our journey to Barook, a distance of seven miles, and two miles before arriving were met by many relatives and friends. Bonfires were built along the roadsides and we heard the church bells ringing in Barook. When we arrived at the house my mother was waiting for us at the door and also my sisters and other relatives, some of whom had come from a distance. When my mother saw the children she was so overjoyed that she cried. All were pleased to see us. We thanked God for our arriving there safely.

For the next month people from in and out

of town to the distance of thirty miles came to see us. When we would show them some of the things we had brought with us or sent from the United States they were surprised and especially when they saw our American stoves. The stoves in Syria are mostly made in France and England and not so handsome as the American stoves.

Barook had greatly improved and has some very good stores and new houses in modern style.

After staying here about two months I left my family in Barook and with my cousin went on horseback twelve miles to Sofar where we took train to Baalbek, arriving there in the afternoon. This was a business trip to buy rugs at Aleppo, but we spent some time in the City of Baalbek. We went out to Ras el-Ain, the source of the water supply of Baalbek and about a mile from the city.

Next morning we went to the ruins of the great Temple of the Sun, not far from the hotel. We entered at the northeast into what is called the Court of the Altar. High in the wall a flat stone has recently been set, carved

in the likenesses of Sultan Abd Hamid and Emperor William. We saw the six great columns of the Temple which are still standing; their height is about fifty feet, as I was told by a guard. A few stones remain upon the tops

RAS EL-AIN, SOURCE OF BAALBEK'S WATER SUPPLY

of the columns. One of these oblong stones, elaborately carved, was on the ground and on measuring I found it to be about twelve feet long and eight feet wide. I also measured one of the columns and found it to be fifteen feet around. We climbed to the second floor of the Temple by seventeen steps cut out of the rock, and got a beautiful view of the city of Baalbek.

We then went down beneath the Court of the Altar and walked through the arch, which we

were told is two hundred eighty feet long. The arch is built of stones of different sizes and just inside of it is an old carving of King Herk, with his staff in his right hand. We then went through the arch and gateway and came to the outside of the Temple. The three largest stones in the walls of the Temple are over sixty feet long, fourteen feet high and ten feet thick. To see all this, it took about four hours, but it was all well worth the while.

About a mile from the Temple is the quarry from which the stones were taken. There is a stone at the quarry which is called in Syrian "Hajr El-Kibla," which literally means "The stone of the pregnant woman." It is twelve feet thick, thirteen feet high and sixty-nine feet long, and weighs nearly a thousand tons. This was apparently cut for use in the Temple but never used. When we saw this we greatly wondered how those old Syrians could have expected to handle so large a stone for the building of the Temple.

We spent another day looking around Baalbek and about five-thirty the next morning we left for the city of "Alleb" or Aleppo.

The train passed by the ruins of the city of Dorsi El-Harab and crossed the river of Asi Hama, at the old city of Hama, with its water-wheel and its beautiful gardens and orchards along the river; but we did not leave the train until we reached Aleppo, in the middle of the afternoon.

When we got off the train we saw many thousands of people at the station who were there to meet friends coming from Mecca "El-Haj," meaning on pilgrimage. Some of the people meeting the pilgrims were on horseback and some in carriages, while others were walking. It took us fully thirty minutes to get away from the crowd to our hotel. The Mohammedan people believe that when any of them go to Mecca on a pilgrimage, their relatives and friends who meet them on their return also get the blessing.

Aleppo is a very old city, with many arched streets. It has a few fine churches and a monastery. Its bath-houses, owned by the Turks, are very fine, and there are coffee-houses everywhere, for Turks, Syrians and Greeks. Costumes of many nations, American, Turkish,

Jewish, Arabian and Egyptian, are common in the streets. Outside of the city are many kinds of fruit and nut trees and the best of these are thousands of pistachios. There are also many mulberry trees, some of them fifteen feet in circumference, and with fruit like large blackberries which is eaten by the people of the district.

We went to see the old fortress of Aleppo, outside the gates of the city, built on a great mound half a mile across, and somewhat injured by earthquakes, which have also done much injury within the city. A little distance from the fort is a large level where sheep are brought by the thousands and sold to the merchants to be shipped to different parts of the country.

Merchants come to Aleppo through the desert from Diarbekir, Bagdad, Mosul and Mardeen, each having a different trade. Their goods are loaded on horses or camels, sometimes on mules, as there is, or was then, no railroad beyond Aleppo. While here we saw a caravan of five hundred horses coming into the city, loaded mostly with rugs and dates. It took three-

quarters of an hour to pass the hotel and filled the street, four horses abreast, with a driver to every four. I sat in the window to see them pass. I asked where this caravan came from, and the hotel man told us it was from Bagdad. He told me a great deal about Bagdad, which is called by the Islams, "Dar-el-Salaam" or "City of Peace."

Bagdad was established about the year 762 A. D., and in the ninth century, at the time of Caliph Haroun-Al-Raschid, it was the seat of Arabic learning and literature. Its decay has been brought about by severe sieges, by plagues, and finally, the loss of a large part of their caravan trade, due to the opening up of more expeditious routes from India to Europe.

The city lies on both sides of the Tigris, which may be crossed only by a bridge of boats 220 yards long. It was once surrounded by a brick wall with a gate in each direction, but this has now mostly fallen in ruins or been removed by the soldiers of Midhat Pasha. The place looks picturesque from the outside but the streets are dirty and narrow and the houses without windows on the streets. The insides of

the houses, however, are often gorgeous, with rich mouldings, inlaid mirrors and massive gildings. The mosques and bazaars are the most noticeable of the buildings. There were a hundred mosques but now almost all of them are in ruins.

The population of Bagdad is said to be 200,000, made up of Arabs, Christians, Turks, Jews, Hindoos, Persians and Afghans. Most of its merchants are Jews, who deal in Arabian horses which they send to India. Various kinds of cloth are manufactured, also red and yellow leather. There is an important trade in wheat, dates and timbac, a kind of tobacco used in the narghileh.

The dates come largely from Basra, two hundred miles beyond Bagdad and the largest date market in the world. This Turkish port, which has a population of 50,000, is situated on the Shatt el-Arab (on the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates), about seventy miles from the head of the Persian Gulf.

Besides dates, the exports of Basra are cereals, wood, dried fruit and licorice root. Its imports are Manchester goods, copper, and yarn,

East India goods, tea, gunny sacks, and spices. From Egypt, Australia and Marseilles comes the sugar; from Sweden iron; from Austria and Germany, glassware, cutlery and crockery. The exports are largely by foreigners, the imports by natives.

Wool comes into Bagdad largely from Mosul, a large district of Mesopotamia on the bank of the Tigris above Bagdad, and the third largest sheep market in the world. The city of Mosul has 70,000 inhabitants who devote themselves almost exclusively to the rearing of sheep, of which it is estimated that there are 4,000,000. Gallnuts, raisins, corn, peas, figs, goatskins and cattle are, however, exported in some quantities in exchange for coffee, indigo, timbac, cotton thread, haberdashery, hardware, sugar, iron, dates, hides, Manchester goods, and spices.

I bought my rugs in the market of Aleppo, and shipped them to Barook, to be re-shipped to New York. On the eleventh day we started on our three-day journey home.

When I got back to Barook I asked Mrs. Haddad how she and the children liked Barook and what they had been doing. She said the

children had enjoyed themselves very much and had made many acquaintances. She sent them to the American-Syrian school every day and they loved their teacher and classmates. On afternoons when their teacher took the children on long walks or on picnics to the Spring she allowed my son Elias to lead the children, carrying the American flag, which made him feel very proud. After school the children with some of their friends would play among the fig-trees or on the hill. Mrs. Haddad told me how Elias would take his uncle's donkey, sometimes without his mother's permission, and ride him about half a mile to the river. He was not of course accustomed to riding but the donkey was too slow to be dangerous, even for a small boy.

When mother knew we were about to return to the United States she cried and begged the children to make me stay, but the children were more anxious to get back to the United States than I was. They told mother they could not get used to staying in Barook but she tried very hard to get them to feel differently, telling them of the beautiful summer time that was coming,

of the groves of the cedars of Lebanon, which we could see from our home, and of the Spring where the water rises. All this made no difference in our decision. We tried very hard on the other hand to get mother to come with us but she refused on account of her age.

On Thursday, April 16, 1908, after bidding my mother, relatives and friends goodbye, we heard a special Mass and then left Barook at 8:30 o'clock in the morning, as usual by way of Sofar and Beyrouth. Some of our friends went with us to a mile or so outside the town.

We reached Beyrouth late in the afternoon two days before Easter and spent Sunday there, that we might attend Mass at the Cathedral. On this day the Cathedral was full to its capacity and people even had to stay outside to witness at least the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The chandeliers of gold and silver were blazing with lights, a great sight for the children.

The next day we started, over a fine dry road, for Salhyeh, where we were to visit Mrs. Haddad's mother, Mrs. Aschkar, for two weeks.

This is a small town in the state of Lebanon, next to Sidon.

The road leaves the city of Beyrouth through a pine grove a mile long, and just beyond are olive trees, which grow so closely over the road as to shut out the sun. Beyond the olive orchard the road runs by the sea, and here, about midway between Beyrouth and Salhyeh, we had dinner at a new hotel, where we could enjoy a rest by the ocean.

We came to Salhyeh about five o'clock in the afternoon and many people were on the road to meet us. When we came to Mrs. Haddad's old home, besides her mother and relatives we found many of her friends there to welcome us. Mrs. Haddad's family were overjoyed at seeing the children and did everything to please them, but they blamed me for not having taught the children more Syrian.

Salhyeh is a small town of only about a hundred houses, all built of white stone and not over two stories high. Most of the houses are old. There are many orchards around the town, including olive, fig, and apricot trees and grapevines. The people also raise wheat and

barley for their own use, and care for silk worms much the same as in Barook. In the town are merchants in tobacco, olive oil and figs. Some of the people occupy their time in weaving silk and wool, but mostly wool.

The time soon came when we must return to Beyrouth, especially as we wanted a few days there for business and pleasure before sailing for New York. This time we made an extra stop at a place which many years ago was the city of Halde. Now only two houses are standing, besides the hotel, and a pretty church which is always open for visitors.

On the third day in Beyrouth I took my children to the garden named after Rustum Pasha, the third governor of Mt. Lebanon. The garden is about five miles from the city and a favorite resort in summer. On one side of the garden is a stone tomb six feet long and four feet wide; it is claimed that it was the tomb of a king's daughter, and that it was found in the garden. The cover, which is broken, is in the shape of a triangle and on it is an old inscription. When the children saw this tomb they admired it very much, and wished that we

might take it with us to the United States for the Museum. This idea amused me very much. I told them I wished we could but it certainly is too heavy to bring over.

We returned to Beyrouth from the garden by a different road, through pine groves and fruit orchards, figs, plums and apricots. There were also many mulberry trees such as the silk-worms feed on, but the silk factory near the Bridge of Beyrouth was closed when we were there, so I could not show the children how the silk is made.

A short distance from the factory I showed them the ruins of the old church of Mar Jurjus, or St. George, which I have visited many times, as it is within sight of the Sirsuck house. The Moslems have a meeting place on a corner of the ruins. Besides being the patron saint of England and of the Christians of Syria, St. George is a much beloved hero of the Moslems and Arabs. He was born, and buried as well, in Lydda, a village which I passed while on my way to Jerusalem from Jaffa, and his tomb is still shown there. When I was young I often heard the following story of St. George.

ST. GEORGE, PATRON SAINT OF SYRIA

It seems that the people of the district around Beyrouth were in such terror of a horrible sea-monster, that despairing of ever ridding themselves of the pest they had been forced into presenting to the monster, with other tribute, an annual sacrifice of one of their most beautiful young women. The choice was by lot, and one year the lot indicated the king's daughter. When at the place appointed for the sacrifice she waited praying for deliverance, behold St. George appeared to her, and relying on the power of Christ began the struggle which was to deliver the princess and free the city.

It is said that in honor of St. George the king built the Church, the ruins of which we had just seen.

Next day I shipped my goods and on the 10th day of May, 1908, we left Beyrouth for New York, by way of Port Said and Alexandria, Egypt. At Port Said we went ashore and I bought some goods, sending them to New York. We reached Alexandria the next morning, stayed a day, then sailed for Marseilles, France, arriving there the 19th of May. After staying at Marseilles a week we left for Paris,

where we did some shopping while waiting six hours for our connections for Cherbourg. Cherbourg is a beautiful city having magnificent buildings and streets, and a very good harbor. On the 29th of May at five o'clock in the afternoon we left Cherbourg for New York on the New York-American Line.

On the fifth day of our trip a concert was held on the steamer for the aid of orphanages and other charitable institutions. Two of my little girls, Emily and Lazera Haddad, took part, singing "Marching through Georgia." The chairman was Mr. Charles Sladdin. Others taking part were: Mr. W. Stevens, Mrs. Paleloghe, Mr. A. J. Downer, Miss Phillips, Mrs. Boneheys, Mr. J. Fuller, Misses Pearl and Corinne Gillette, Mr. A. J. Allen, Miss Frederiksen, Mr. A. Spiman and Mrs. Hill, these people representing both America and Europe.

On the 6th of June, Saturday afternoon, we came into New York harbor. During all our trip from Beyrouth to New York, we had not seen a day that the ocean was rough, so that the sailors themselves were surprised. We older people thanked God for our safe arrival and

the children showed their pleasure at seeing New York by loud cheers.

After a few days in New York we took the boat to Albany, taking the train from there by way of Saratoga Springs to Rutland, where many friends were at the station to welcome us, after our absence of seven months. It was a pleasure to me to realize that Mrs. Haddad was as pleased as any of us to get back to America.

After our home here was settled I resumed my business of selling oriental goods.

On August 15th, 1911, I met Admiral George Dewey, one of our great Vermont citizens, in the office of the Woodstock Inn at Woodstock, Vermont, where I have seen him often since. I had been told that the Admiral was staying at the hotel, so when I saw a man of his general appearance and surrounded by a number of men I knew it must be the Admiral.

Admiral Dewey is a tall, well built man. He is of light complexion, has a high forehead and beautiful eyes and gray hair. One always finds him smiling. He looks to be a brave and fearless man.

780187

I approached him and said "Good Morning, Admiral." He said "Good Morning," and a few minutes after he came out into the hallway where I was standing and said to me, "Are you a Syrian?" I said, yes, and told him what part of Syria I came from. "Very good," he said, "I have been to Syria eight times, my first trip in 1865 and my last trip in 1903, and I visited the American school there at Beyrouth. I like the Syrian people very much, I know many of them; they make good citizens and are very good workers. Where do you live?" I answered, "In Rutland, Vermont." He was pleased, especially when I told him I had six children all born in Rutland. I told him there were twenty-five or more Syrians in Rutland.

Seeing my goods, he said, "I suppose you deal in oriental goods? I hope your business is good" I said, "Yes, thank God, it is very good."

He afterwards shook hands with me and I said to him, "Admiral, I am very glad to have met you, I feel proud of it, would you like it if I should have it published in the Syrian paper, 'The Daily Mirror,' published in New York?" This he was willing to permit.

I have many times since looked at the portrait of Admiral Dewey in the State House at Montpelier, capital of Vermont state, and thought of his pleasant conversation with me. I go often to the capital, which is an attractive little city, with well-kept homes and shady streets. The capitol building is of granite, in which that part of the state is very rich, and a fine lawn stretches before it over three hundred feet to the street line. The design is one common for such buildings in America, with fluted columns and a dome, and the rooms are spacious and richly furnished. At the entrance is a marble statue of Ethan Allen, one of the early patriots of Vermont.

In 1914 I received so many letters from my mother and my Aunt Martha who also lives in Barook, urging me to come there, that I finally made up my mind to go to see them. I left Rutland April 5, 1914, sailing for Havre, France, on the 9th, on a French steamer from New York. I spent Easter Sunday on the ocean. Mass was held in the morning and later in the day all on board enjoyed a concert rendered by some of the passengers. The ocean was calm, as is usually my good fortune.

From Havre I went by train as usual to Paris and spent a day at Marseilles with Mr. Paul Nemher. His wife persuaded him to go to Barook to spend the summer with me, but as he could not start at once and I was in a great hurry, I left a week before him. I sailed for Alexandria and then for Beyrouth by a direct line that brought me there the seventh day from Marseilles.

When I arrived at the hotel in Beyrouth I was surprised to see my uncle, who was in Beyrouth on business. He went back to Barook the same day and told my mother and relatives that I was in Beyrouth, and so when I arrived the next evening I found all waiting for me, and very glad to see me. For the next week I had visitors, both Christians and Druses, all asking me about America. There are few there now that have not some relative in the United States or in South America.

I intended to stay all summer in Syria but within a very short time I had a letter from my son in America asking me to return home at once, though when I returned I found nothing especially wrong with the family. In two weeks

I bade my mother goodbye and started for home. When Mr. Paul Nemher arrived, a week after I did, he was much surprised when I told him that I was going to leave the next week, and I was very sorry to disappoint him. He did, however, stay and visit in Barook, but only for a short time. Mr. Nemher was born in Barook but left there for Marseilles when he was fourteen. He had been back but once before and that was over thirty years ago.

For the next few days I had a girl writing for me to different friends in America. I sent over four hundred cards from Barook, besides the ones I sent from other places on my trip.

I left for Damascus by way of Ain Es-Halta and Sofar. At Ain Es-Halta, which is only five miles north of Barook, is a very old American day school which teaches in English and Syrian. This is in a substantial stone building and there are some very good residences, both American and English, besides the houses of Syrians. There is a wonderful spring and in the pine groves by the river many summer hotels have been built. There are three wheat grinders here, their water being supplied from the river.

Sofar, a little farther on, is the largest summer resort in Mt. Lebanon. The city of Beyrouth and the Mediterranean can be seen very plainly from the high mountain on which the city is built. When I saw how greatly Sofar had been improved since I had seen it, I was much surprised. The hotel and many of the residences are in modern style and many tourists come here from Europe, Egypt and Beyrouth.

From here I took the train to Damascus, passing through regions of orchards, especially walnut and apricot trees. This is a thickly populated country and some of the towns are apparently very old. About fifteen miles before reaching Damascus the train began to run through the valley of the Barada River, which, a few miles west of the city, is drawn off into seven small branches which flow in different directions and supply the orchards and some parts of the city. The city is surrounded by orchards and vineyards. Walnut and olive trees are numerous, and the most common fruits are plums and pears.

When I arrived in Damascus, late in the afternoon, I knew just where to go as I had

been there before. There were many porters and carriages around the station and I hired one of the carriages and drove to the hotel.

It is claimed that Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Some histories say that is was named after the grandson of Noah, Dimeshk. As the full name for the city is Dimeshk-Es-Sham, some say also that it was named after Shem, the son of Noah, but others say it was named from the white, red and black "Chemet," or clay, which is found in the ground. At any rate, it is so old that in Genesis 15 is the story of Father Abraham passing through the city, and his servant Eliezer was from Damascus.

Damascus has been under the rule of different kingdoms, being part of the time independent. In the year 634 A. D., it was taken by the Arabs and was under their rule until 1517, when it was taken by Sultan Salene and has since been under Turkish rule. In going on pilgrimage to Mecca, Islams plan to start from Damascus as they believe that Damascus is their Holy City, next to Mecca. Hadiji, wife of Mohammed, was from Damascus.

The religious communities, Christians, Jews and Mohammedans, occupy different quarters of the city and the different industries also have each its separate quarter. The rug dealers do business in the Bazaar of Humidia, where are the largest shops. Among the other bazaars I went to were those of the silversmiths, the shoemakers, and the sellers of books. On either side of the narrow streets are the rows of arched niches in which are the shops. Each shopkeeper sits cross-legged with his wares piled up around him awaiting customers. When I went in, the shopkeeper would invite me to a cup of coffee and a narghileh. In Damascus there are merchants from different countries, Americans, English, French, Belgians, Germans, Austrians, Russians, Roumanians, Greeks, Italians, Spanish, Moroccans, Egyptians, Arabians, Hindoos, Persians, Armenians, Turks, Jews and Syrians. Each nationality wears a different costume except the Europeans, who all dress alike.

The Islam women of Damascus wear over their dresses a cloth called the Hubra, which covers the whole of the dress, and is tied with

a cord around the waist. Some of these Hubras are of silk and very expensive, while others are of linen and cotton, but each woman dresses according to her means. They cover their faces except their eyes with a veil, called the Ysmack. Of course there are many Jewish and Christian women who go on the street with their heads and not their faces covered with shawl or scarf, and others dress in European style.

Near St. Thomas' Gate, in the eastern section of the city, the Christians reside. The houses here are very old, but are neatly kept. I was invited to a house in this district and I was surprised to see, in the central court of the house, a fountain and garden of flowers.

There are many looms of all kinds in Damascus, silk, wool, and cotton; the noise which they make is heard to the street. Furniture of black walnut, carved and inlaid with mother of pearl, is also manufactured in the city. The city now has electric cars, though not as large as the ones in Rutland, electric lights and many improvements.

Outside of the old city wall, of which little remains, are the finest streets of the city. Here

are the hospitals, and many modern houses. Here also are many beautiful gardens and coffee houses where tables are set out under spreading trees and are surrounded by tiny streams of running water. Men spend their evenings here, some drinking coffee as slowly as they like, others passing their time smoking a narghileh or waterpipe.

There are many other streets in the city which are good and the coffee houses are everywhere; I do not know how many coffee houses there are in Damascus, but I am told that there are thousands, and certainly on nearly every street you pass, you find five or six of them. When the coffee houses are full people who wish to spend their evenings there place their chairs on the sidewalk and enjoy themselves. Opposite the governor's Serai, or capitol, is the American hotel. There are some fine German houses not far from this square, and the city has many other good tourist hotels, mostly on the river, and elaborate bath houses in Turkish style.

About 34 A. D. Saul of Tarsus, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter" against the

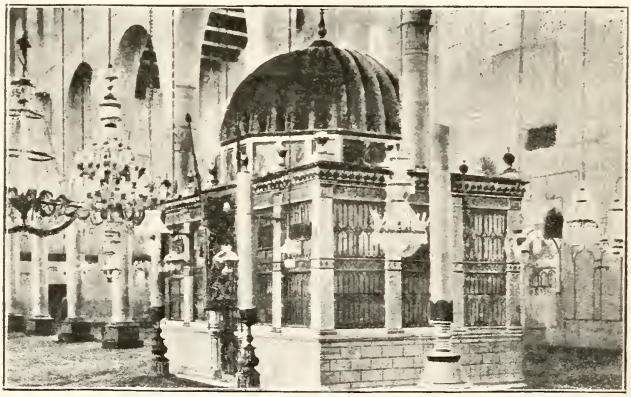
Christians, was sent to Damascus, by the high priest of Jerusalem, to arrest the Christians. He had a vision of Christ on the road, and was baptized in Damascus by Ananias, and remained there to preach the doctrine he had so bitterly opposed. There are still many Christian churches in Damascus and I visited two of them. They were much alike, with high altar of sculptured marble, roof supported on columns, and low hung chandeliers of silver and gold.

I went to the mosque of "Mar Hanna," better known as the Omayyade Mosque, once the church of St. John. At the gateway from the street I met a guard and told him I wanted to go into the mosque. He told me I was welcome, but to take off my shoes before going in. After leaving my shoes with him, I entered through the yard, which is about as large as the mosque, into the building itself. The shyck in charge of the mosque took me around to show me everything. I asked him the size of the building and he told me nearly 500 feet long and 300 feet wide.

The first thing I noticed was the floor, which

is entirely covered with rugs in different sizes and colors. They are all beautiful. Next was the tall columns. The chandeliers of silver and gold hang from the ceiling so low that they can almost be reached by a tall man. There are of course prayer-niches in the south wall toward Mecca, and on the same side is the pulpit, tall and elaborately inlaid in silver and ivory and mother-of-pearl.

The shyek took me to the grave of St. John between two of the columns, and told me before



TOMB OF ST. JOHN IN OMAYYADE MOSQUE, DAMASCUS

the Islams took possession of it, this portion of the mosque was a church. The grave is marked by a sort of shrine with highly decorated dome, which is said to contain the head of John the Baptist, after whom the church was named. The shrine is about the size of the Chapel of the Sepulchre at Jerusalem but seemed to me smaller, I suppose because inside of another building. Just below the shrine there are two steps where worshippers may kneel. The shrine is surrounded by an iron fence, and on the top of its dome has been placed a crescent. When I knew that this was the tomb of St. John I knelt down and prayed.

The next day I went to the barracks or fort, not a long distance from the Omayyade mosque. The barracks is eight hundred feet long and six hundred feet wide. It is surrounded by different rooms, among them the rooms of one of the prisons. The prison yard seemed clean and there was a large hall between the rooms where the prisoners sleep and spend most of their time.

Before leaving Damascus, I visited the tomb of Saladin. Saladin was born in the city of

Tekreit in 1137 and died in Damascus on March 4, 1193. He was the ablest ruler of Syria and Egypt during the period of the Crusades, and wrested Jerusalem from the Christian government that had been set up there. A tremendous army headed by the emperor of Germany and the kings of France and England set out to fight him and finally the coast of Palestine from Jaffa to Tyre was yielded to the Christians, but there was never again any permanent Christian government at Jerusalem. The most conspicuous battle of this period was his defeat by Richard Coeur de Leon in the battle of Ascalon, a hundred miles south of Acre.

When Emperor William visited Damascus in the fall of 1898, he visited this tomb and I had read so much about it at this time that I thought I would visit it.

I told the guard at the gate that I wished to see the tomb of Saladin. He said I was welcome and led me through a garden of flowers to a door which he unlocked, and within were two tombs, one of Saladin and the other of Nourdin, who ruled before him. The tombs are of marble with inscriptions of gold in the

Arabic language, and the walls and floors of the room are of marble. On each end of the tomb of Saladin were laid wreaths of beautiful work in gold. I asked the guard who sent the crowns to be placed on Saladin's tomb. He said, "Emperor William did." I said, "Very good, indeed."

After viewing the city and doing my trading here I left for Beyrouth by way of Zebedani. Fine apples grow in abundance in this high valley sheltered by the highest summits of the range, and I was of course reminded of going there with my cousin when I was a young boy, to buy apples to sell in Beyrouth. Precipitous heights, though one can see snowy Hermon, shut off the distant view, but between these heights is a well-watered and fertile valley, with level wheat fields and fertile garden spots. Long lines of poplar trees and low grapevines give character to the scene.

I left Zebedani and stopped in Alieh, about ten miles from Beyrouth, and having a good view of the city. Alieh is a well known summer resort and Emperor William stayed here when he was visiting in Syria in the fall of 1898.

While here he was entertained by the governor of Syria and by the governor of Lebanon. Mr. and Mrs. Sirsuck were at some of these entertainments and met the Emperor.

After a few days at Beyrouth spent in shipping my goods and bidding my friends goodbye I left on May 28 for Alexandria, Egypt, and after three days' stay there I went on to Marseilles, France.

On my arrival at Marseilles I went at once to the home of Mr. Paul Nemher. Mrs. Nemher was much surprised to see me and asked me where I had left Mr. Nemher. I told her he was still in Barook but that I had received a letter from my son asking me to come home at once, so she must not blame me for returning so soon. After two days here I left for Paris on the 12th of June.

In Paris I stayed five days, during that time ordering goods and seeing as much as possible of the city. I became well acquainted with a Mr. Simon of San Francisco and we went to various places together, among them the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and the wonderful Eiffel Tower, which I had never visited before.

We bought tickets and took the elevator to the first gallery, where there are restaurants, shops and theatre. We were told that upon the steps, and in the corridors, restaurants, shops and theatre, ten thousand people can assemble in the Tower, and we could believe it. We then went up to the second gallery, where I bought many cards and souvenirs, and then most of the party continued to the top, changing elevators at the third gallery and finally climbing the stairs to a point a thousand feet above the ground. Mr. Simon and I, however, waited for the others on the fourth gallery and enjoyed the view of the city. From this height the people in the streets looked as small as insects.

After ordering my goods to be shipped to New York, I left Paris for Cherbourg on the eighteenth of June, and that same evening sailed for New York on the Imperator. I arrived in New York on the twenty-fifth, and as soon as possible went on to Rutland.

I found my family all well, which I was very much pleased, and of course, surprised to see. Mrs. Haddad and the children were surprised to see me back so soon and apparently still

thought I was going to spend the whole summer away. When I told Mrs. Haddad of the letter I had received from my twelve-year old son, telling me to come home at once, she said that she did not know anything about it. But two weeks after I was very glad that I had returned, because war broke out in Europe.

Mrs. Haddad said that the children had got along all right while I was away but that Victoria whom we call the baby was always asking where I was. In fact, all the children were asking what their father went away for and when he was coming back. Elias was a good boy and he did everything to please his mother and sisters. When the children received cards or letters from me, they were very glad, thinking that I was on my way home.

My brother Solomon came from Pittsfield and stayed here a week with them and the children were much pleased to see him. Also while I was away Mrs. Haddad's niece, Miss Zakie Aschkar, had come from Salhyeh to live with us. This will always be a great pleasure to my daughters, who are near her age, and it is nice to feel that she is out of the danger from the war.

If I had known that the war was going to break out I would have insisted on my mother's coming from Barook with me. When I left her in 1914 she was eighty years old and she had sixty-two grandchildren and great-grandchildren. As thirty-four of them live in the United States she ought not to be very lonesome here. She was in very good health and went to church almost every morning when I was there, and the day I left her, she gave me her blessing and wished success to me and all her grandchildren.

CHAPTER V
THE NEW HOME IN AMERICA

CHAPTER V

THE NEW HOME IN AMERICA

Situation of Rutland, Vermont—A prosperous little city—Educational facilities good—Various organizations—Theatres, banks, restaurants and hotels—Provision for the sick and the erring—Industries of Rutland—The Fair.

I HAVE mentioned before that I first liked Rutland because of its railroad connections, going in four directions, to Boston, and Montreal, and by two roads to New York. The distance to New York is 237 miles; to Boston 167 miles; and to Montreal 163 miles. The train service is very good and pleases every traveling man. The city is the headquarters of the Rutland Railroad.

When we first came to Rutland there were no electric railway cars but only horse cars which went as far as West Rutland; the electric cars started in the fall of 1894 and now go as far as Lake Bomoseen, Fair Haven and Poultney. There are also stages over the mountains to Woodstock, Rochester and Pittsfield.

The population of Rutland in 1900 was 11,499 and in the present year is about 16,000. The people of Rutland treat strangers very well, for I know that when we moved to Rutland we had no friends here but in a short time we had many. It is pleasant to do business among them, a fact that I realize when I open a store here every year before Christmas and the people show their appreciative interest.

The business section of Rutland is very good. As it is on a level, in the Otter Creek valley, the traveler arriving in Rutland can see from the station wide streets, well paved and so brilliantly lighted as to remind me of Paris. There are many large stores, especially the ones on Merchants Row, Center and West streets, and the clerks are for the most part good-natured and cheerful.

Vermonters own many automobiles, the proportion being one to every thirty-five men, women and children in the state. The city of Rutland requires eight garages, employing expert repairmen and having desirable storage room, besides numerous agencies for machines, and sellers of accessories. One of the largest

fireproof garages in the state has recently been erected here.

The city's churches are attractive and their congregations large. They include the Catholic churches of St. Peter, the Sacred Heart of Mary and the Holy Innocents, also Congregational, Baptist, Episcopalian, Methodist, Universalist, Advent Christian, Christian Science, and Seventh Day Adventist churches.

St. Joseph's Convent is a five-story brick building occupied by the Sisters of St. Joseph. A Home for Aged Women, and Mt. St. Joseph's Academy and two parochial schools are conducted by the Sisters. The public schools of the city are up-to-date and sufficient for the needs of the children. There are nine schools, properly graded, besides the High School. A night school for the instruction of foreigners in English has recently been started by a Committee on education. Among the pupils are Italians, Greeks, Syrians, Russians, Norwegians and Swedes, who appreciate the advantage a good knowledge of English gives.

The Rutland Free Library contains 22,500 volumes and has a yearly circulation of 60,000

ING
TORE
CO.
APER
TUTTLE
BOOKS
THE
HONEY & CO.
SCHWICE

books. It has outgrown its quarters in the Grand Army Memorial Hall and efforts are being made to obtain a new building exclusively for the use of the library. The H. H. Baxter Memorial Library contains many rare and valuable volumes and is open to the public for daily reference.

Rutland has two progressive daily newspapers, morning and evening, and each publishes also a weekly edition. There are six printing offices in Rutland, among them the largest in Vermont, The Tuttle Company, the publishers of this book. The president of the company, Senator Egbert C. Tuttle, was in Syria in 1903 with Governor John A. Mead, and both of these gentlemen are good friends of mine and have been much interested in the publication of my life story. I am very grateful to them for their appreciation.

The city has many social, educational and trade organizations and nearly every fraternal society of the United States is represented. Among the organizations are the following: Masons, Hibernians, Elks, Canado-Americain Club, Catholic Order of Foresters, Italian Mut-

ual Aid Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, Foresters of America, Eagles, Grand Army of the Republic, Green Mountain Club, Odd Fellows, Interstate Poultry and Pet Stock Association, Knights of Columbus, Knights of Honor, Knights of Pythias, Modern Woodmen of America, New England Order of Protection, Owls, Patrons of Husbandry, Royal Arcanum, Rutland Business Men's Association, Rutland County Agricultural Society, Fish and Game League, Rutland County Medical and Surgical Society, Rutland Country Club, Rutland Horse Show and Breeders' Association, Rutland Gun Club, Rutland University Association, Rutland Woman's Club, Sons of Veterans, Moose, Knights and Ladies of the Maccabees, La Garde d'Honneur, St. Jean Baptiste, United Order of the Golden Cross, United Commercial Travellers, United Spanish War Veterans, and numerous literary and religious societies and labor organizations.

Across the street from the City Hall is the beautiful Masonic Temple and on Wales Street is the new building belonging to the Nobles of

the Mystic Shrine. The Shriners have installed a modern theatre, besides two convention halls, and on Center Street is the new Playhouse, one of the best and most modern in New England. There are also two smaller theatres, the Grand and the Colonial.

In the city there are four National Banks, two Savings Banks and two Trust Companies.

There are a large number of restaurants and seven good hotels in Rutland, the New Bardwell Hotel, the Berwick, the Hamilton, the Brock House, St. James Hotel, the Holland House and the Elmore. Rates are reasonable and guests report a good table at each as well as good service in other respects.

The Rutland Hospital is one of the best in the country, so far as the quality of its work is concerned. Its two operating rooms are modern and well-equipped and there is an X-ray room, a solarium and all the other features of a modern hospital. The situation of the hospital, on a hill overlooking the city, is delightful for convalescents. There are fifteen physicians on the staff, and each year a series of clinics is carried on by eminent physicians from

all over the country. The hospital charges are moderate and the city makes provision for free care in needy cases.

The Vermont House of Correction is a large group of buildings, in a prominent situation on the West Rutland car line. The Rutland County Court House is another important brick building, and on the corner across from the Court House is the fine old Post Office, now used as Station "A", as the principal business of the post office is done in a less noticeable situation farther downtown. Another prominent building is the City Hall, situated on the corner of Merchants Row and Washington Street. Fire stations are in this building and on Center Street near the High School building.

Rutland is often spoken of as the Marble City. It manufactures three-fourths of the marble-finishing machinery used in the United States, and is the center of a district which supplies half the marble produced in the United States, and leads in quality as well as quantity. The quarries are located principally in Proctor and West Rutland, within a few

PLANT OF THE HOWE SCALE COMPANY

miles of the city proper, and a large number of the workers live in Rutland. Finishing mills are near many of the quarries, and others along the railroads on the outskirts of the city, and are usually at work night and day. The marble mountains of Rutland, reminding me of Lebanon, had much to do with my choice of Rutland as a home.

Rutland also ships out a large quantity of maple-sugar and has a big factory for the taping-tools, buckets, etc., used in making the sugar. This maple-sugar is one of the finest products of the state, and on my various trips to the East I have usually taken some of it to friends in France and Syria.

Another big industry is the Howe Scale Company, of which my friend, Governor Mead, is president. This plant turns out one-quarter of the scales used in the whole country.

Other manufactures include: Fireclay, gypsum and asbestos products, paper clay, creamery and dairy apparatus, clothing for men and women, trunks, letterpresses, adding-machines, car supplies, stone-working and coal handling machinery, cans

and boxes, boiler coverings, cement blocks, bricks, mailing boxes, chair stock, doors, windows, cigars, monuments, sleighs, carriages, rugs, flags, tents, derricks, books, kinox, confectionery and shrapnel.

There are many attractive summer resorts easily reached from the city. Lake Bomoseen is the most popular—it is the largest lake in the state, and there are cottages, hotels and picnic grounds along its shores.

Rutland Week, usually the first week in September, is a new institution that attracts visitors to Rutland from long distances. A street carnival, with parades, fireworks, outdoor moving pictures, and music, entertains the visitors evenings, and by day they crowd to the Fair Grounds south of the city for the Rutland County Fair and Horse Show and Poultry Exhibition.

The Fair has been held annually for over 70 years and is now under the direction of the Rutland County Agricultural Society. There is each year an attendance of close to 50,000 people. The grounds cover nearly 50 acres and there are 45 buildings for exhibits, etc. A

trolley line connecting with every part of the city takes the people to the Fair and two railroad divisions pass the grounds and so can unload exhibits and entries on special platforms. There is a good half-mile track for horse-racing and as the association belongs to the Green Mountain Racing Circuit and offers prizes amounting to $5,000 and over, it attracts many of the leading drivers of fast horses.

On September 11, 1902, I was awarded by the Rutland County Agricultural Society a premium on my display of Turkish embroidery. The certificate was signed by Mr. D. D. Burditt and Mr. F. H. Chapman of Rutland.

All this is why I liked Rutland and settled here and I thank God my children were born here and are getting their education in Rutland.

Part II

SYRIAN RECIPES

AS USED BY MRS. GEORGE HADDAD

(Arranged in the Order of Serving)

Part II

Syrian Recipes

Vegetable Soup

Meat	1½ pounds
Carrots	2
Celery	6 stalks
Onions	1, medium
Parsley	1 bunch
Potatoes	2 or 3

Salt and Pepper to taste

Boil the meat in water enough to cover it. Slice the vegetables fine and put in the broth and boil slowly. Vegetables may be fried first in butter or olive oil.

Rice Soup with Dressing

Broth	2 quarts
Rice	½ cup
Lemon	1½
Eggs	2

Salt and Pepper to taste

Boil the rice until half done, strain and run cold water through it several times, then boil half an hour in the broth. Beat the eggs, mix with the lemon juice, stir in a little broth, then add to the rice, stirring thoroughly. Serve hot.

Lendicke Soup with Lemon

Broth	2 quarts
Lendicke	1 pound
Lemon	2
Onions	2
Carrots	2
Celery	2 stalks
Potatoes	2, small

Salt and Pepper to taste

Lendicke can be obtained at Syrian or Italian stores and makes delicious soup.

Wash the lendicke well and put on stove to boil. In the meantime cut the carrots, onions, celery, and potatoes fine, about ¼ inch long, and wash well. Then put them in with the lendicke to boil. After this chop two onions fine and fry them in butter or olive oil, pour them over the lendicke and have them all boil

together. About ½ hour before they are all cooked add to them the juice of the lemons. Serve hot.

Stuffed Mackerel

Mackerel	8, small
Olive Oil	3 tablespoons
Onions	5, medium
Parsley	1½ bunch
Eggs	2
Lemon	1½
Crackers	3, rolled fine

Salt and Pepper to taste

Soften the fish in hot water for about 15 minutes, cut off the heads and stuff with onions fried in olive oil, and mixed with chopped parsley, a pinch of curry, and cracker crumbs. Then fry pieces of bread and use the crumbs for covering the pieces of fish, first dipping them in beaten eggs.

The backbone may be easily removed after the fish is softened in hot water. Break it at the tail, roll the fish on a board, and then pull out the whole backbone through the neck.

Fried Fish

Fish	2½ pounds
Eggs	2
Flour	1 cup
Butter or Olive Oil	3 or 4 tablespoons

Salt and Pepper to taste

Wash and dry the fish, and cut into good-sized pieces. Salt it and let stand 2 hours. Before frying, dip into flour, or make a batter of flour and water and beaten eggs. Start frying in olive oil or butter, over a slow fire, but brighten the fire during the process to make the fish crisp. Brown well on both sides. Fry pieces of bread with the fish and serve with parsley and slices of lemon.

Fish Croquettes

Fish, boiled	1½ pounds
Eggs	3
Onions	2
Parsley	1 bunch
Crackers, crushed	12
Butter or Olive Oil	3 tablespoons

Salt and Pepper to taste

Chop up the fish and parsley and mix with the eggs. Dip balls of fish into the fine cracker-crumbs and fry in olive oil or hot butter.

Serve with lettuce and dress with parsley or slices of lemon, or use a dressing of oil and lemon to which may be added the yolks of 2 hard-boiled eggs, and parsley if liked. Sometimes a dressing is made of mustard, oil and roe well mixed.

Grilled Fish on Skewers

Fish	2½ pounds
Red Wine	½ cup
Butter	½ tablespoon
Lemon	1

Salt and Pepper to taste

Cut the fish into small squares. Do not skin it. Season with salt and pepper and let stand in the wine for two hours. Broil on skewers, with skin between as far as possible. Laurel leaves, spiced and dried, may be placed between the pieces or burnt at first on the fire underneath the skewers. Then butter the pieces a little and continue broiling over a slow fire.

Serve hot with a green salad dressed with olive oil and lemon.

Baked Fish with Pignoli Sauce

(Pignoli, Italian word for Pinenuts)

Codfish	1, small
Pignoli	1 pound
Bread (no crust)	1 slice
Eggs, boiled	2
Lemon	2
Olive Oil	3 tablespoons
Parsley (wash well)	1 bunch
Beets	2, small

Salt and Pepper to taste

Clean the fish and salt it; leave it for 2 hours and afterwards rub it with a little lemon juice and olive oil. Then wrap in a clean white paper and place in a moderate oven, taking it out and rubbing it with lemon juice and olive oil every little while. Take care not to let the paper burn, and change it every little while. After an hour and a quarter take it out and place it in a platter, removing any burned places.

Soak the bread and wash the Pignoli well, then mash together, strain, and mix with lemon juice and ¾ cup of water, making a thick sauce. Pour this over the fish, also 2 tablespoons of oil. Use the beets and parsley and the boiled eggs to garnish the platter. Serve cold.

The Pignoli sauce is also good with boiled or fried fish.

Boabas (French Dish)

Codfish (sliced)	3 pounds
Carrots	6
Potatoes	4
Onions	4, large
Celery	1 head
Parsley	1 bunch
Mustard	1 teaspoon
Tumeric	2 pinches
Flour	2 tablespoons
Cold Water	½ cup
Lemon	4
Olive Oil	1 cup
Bread (sliced)	2 loaves

Salt and Pepper to taste

Cut up the carrots, potatoes, onions, celery and parsley, about an inch long, and wash well. Then place some in a deep vessel and the fish over it, and the rest of the vegetables over the fish. (Codfish is the American fish, best to use instead of the French Boabas.) Pour in the olive oil, peel and slice one lemon and add to the dish, also salt and pepper and sufficient water for them to boil together.

To make a sauce, mix the flour, mustard and tumeric, in a little water and the juice of the remaining three lemons. Put over the fish and let all boil together the last fifteen minutes, but not long enough to break the fish.

Then take the fish out and put on a plate and strain the vegetables into a separate dish. The vegetables are not served at all at a formal dinner.

At dinner-time toast the bread and pour the sauce over the slices of bread and place the fish on top. If desired, the fish may be served separately and the bread with the sauce in a deep dish.

Stuffing Mixture

Lamb or mutton (with some fat)	1 pound
Butter	2 tablespoons
Rice, well washed	¼ pound
Water	2 or 3 tablespoons

Salt and Pepper to taste

Chop the meat fine and mix well with the rice.

Stuffed Summer Squash

Clean out the seedy parts of twelve small squashes but be careful so that the sides of the squash will not break. After this wash them out and fill three-quarters full with the stuffing-mixture above.

Then in a kettle fry two well chopped onions and when browned add 2 pounds of ripe peeled tomatoes (or 1 can of tomatoes), then boil a little and place the squash over them side by side. Add hot water to cover and boil slowly until done. Serve hot.

The squash may be also cooked in white gravy by boiling the squash until nearly done and adding the white gravy.

Stuffed Cabbage

Take apart the leaves of a firm, thin-leaved cabbage, and soak in boiling water until soft. Then cut each leaf into two small parts and in each wrap a small piece of the stuffing mixture above. Arrange carefully in a deep vessel, held down by a plate. Add enough hot water to cover the cabbage. When half done, over a slow fire, or in the oven, add the lemon. Do not allow the leaves to be unwrapped in serving. Serve hot.

Stuffed Grape Leaves

The grape leaves may be either fresh or pickled but should be tender. Put them a few minutes in boiling water to soften or to take out the salt, then wrap in them some of the stuffing-mixture above.

Arrange side by side, and cover with water. Put over them two sliced lemons, peeled and seeded, and press down with a plate. Add 3 cups of hot water and boil over a slow fire. Serve hot, and do not allow the leaves to be unwrapped.

Stuffing Mixture No. 2

Cut up two or three onions and fry in butter until they are light brown. Pour in 1 pound meat well chopped and fry together. When half done add parsley and a few nuts. Pine nuts are largely used in Syria, or walnuts are a good substitute. Salt and Pepper to taste.

Stuffed Eggplants

Lamb or Mutton (not too much fat)	2 pounds
Eggplants	1 dozen
Onions	2
Parsley	1 bunch
Walnuts	½ pound
Tomatoes	1 dozen

Dig out the seeds but do not skin the eggplants. Pierce each in several places and soak half an hour. After soaking fry a little, then stuff and place side by side in a deep pan. Stew the onions and tomatoes together and pour over the eggplants, also a cup and one-half of water, and cook over a slow fire. Serve hot.

Stuffed Potatoes

Potatoes	12
Lamb, chopped	1½ pound
Onions	2, large
Pine nuts (Snobar,	4 ounces
Parsley	1½ bunch
Tomatoes	½ can
Butter	3 tablespoons

Salt and Pepper to taste

Peel 12 large potatoes, which should be smooth and long, and let stand in water with two tablespoons of salt. Cut off the tops and dig out the insides of the potatoes but be careful not to break the sides and leave the potatoes about ¼ inch thick. Cut a little from the bottom of each potato so it will stand.

Chop the onions fine and fry in butter and when half done add the meat, and when nearly done, the pine nuts. Season to taste and leave on the stove about five minutes longer. When finished remove from stove and mix in the finely chopped parsley.

Arrange the potatoes in a deep vessel and stuff with the mixture. The butter which is

left from frying may be placed in the bottom of the vessel. Bake in a moderately hot oven and when half done pour the strained tomatoes over them, and also about ½ cup of water for sauce. Serve hot with lettuce salad.

Stuffed Artichokes

Artichokes	12
Lamb, chopped	1½ pound
Pine nuts (Snobar)	4 ounces
Parsley	2 bunches
Onions	2

Salt and Pepper to taste

Clean the artichokes. Cut off the tops about one inch, then dig out the insides of the artichokes and cut off the bottoms so they will stand, then put in cold water with two tablespoons of salt. Wash out in cold water and strain, and fry in butter until nearly brown, then take them out and place in a dish while the mixture is being made up, as follows:

Chop the onions fine and fry in butter. When nearly brown put in the meat and when nearly done add the pine nuts and season to taste,

letting it cook five minutes longer. Add the finely chopped parsley and remove into a dish.

Place the artichokes in a deep vessel side by side and stuff each one, putting the butter which is left from frying in the bottom of the vessel. Then place in a moderately hot oven. Pour over them strained tomatoes and about 3 cups of hot water, and let cook about one hour.

Serve hot.

Baked Mashed Potatoes

Pine nuts	½ pound
Potatoes	½ peck
Eggs	2
Lamb (chopped)	1 pound
Flour	3 tablespoons
Tomatoes	5
Onions	2

Salt and Pepper to taste

Peel and boil the potatoes and mash when cool; then mix in the eggs and flour, while the potatoes are cool.

To make a sauce, fry the chopped onions in

butter until nearly brown and then put in the meat. When the meat is partly cooked, add pine nuts and tomatoes, season and let boil until the sauce is thick. The tomatoes must be boiled and strained, or use ½ can strained tomatoes. Place a little butter in the bottom of a deep pan and put in a layer of the potatoes, then put in some of the sauce, then another layer of the potatoes. Cut this into squares, put a tablespoon of butter over each and place in the oven until brown. Serve hot with the remaining sauce and when serving, place some lettuce or parsley around the plates.

String Beans with Tomato Sauce

Green String Beans	2 quarts
Meat (lean)	1½ pound
Onions	2
Butter	3 tablespoons
Tomatoes	1 can

Salt and Pepper to taste

Clean and wash the beans and cut in two lengthwise. Chop the onions and fry in butter in a deep pan, until a light brown. Add the meat, cut into walnut-size pieces, and fry to-

gether a few minutes, then add the beans and fry all together about 20 minutes over a moderate fire.

Season to taste and leave on the fire about twenty minutes longer, stirring constantly. Then strain the tomatoes and pour over the mixture, add four cups of water, and let boil until cooked, but not dried out, as some sauce is wanted.

Serve hot with rice or mashed potatoes.

Fried Spinach

Spinach	½ peck
Butter	4 or 5 tablespoons
Eggs	4

Salt and Pepper to taste

Cut up the spinach and boil for 15 minutes. Strain it and spread it out evenly in a flat pan. Season to taste and pour the beaten eggs over it. Melt the butter and mix all together. Bake in a moderate oven.

Fried Cauliflower

Cauliflower	1 head, medium
Eggs	2

Salt and Pepper to taste

Boil the cauliflower a little and when cool slice and season to taste. Dip into the beaten eggs with a little flour mixed in, and fry in butter or olive oil.

Stuffed Tomatoes

Cut the tops of the tomatoes partly through to act as lids. Dig out the centers and stuff. Pierce in several places and place side by side in a deep flat pan, buttered. Pour over one or more cups of water and the centers of the tomatoes and cook same as eggplants. Serve hot.

Artichokes with Olive Oil

Artichokes	1 dozen
Onions	1 dozen, very small
Olive Oil	¼ cup

Salt and Pepper to taste

Skin the onions, and fry them whole in the olive oil. To this add artichokes. Season to taste and boil over a medium fire 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

Rice with Tomato Sauce

Rice	2 pounds
Lamb, lean (chopped)	1 pound
Tomatoes	1 can
Cheese	4 ounces
Pine nuts (Snobar)	4 ounces
Crackers	2, crushed
Onions	2
Butter	6 ounces

Salt and Pepper to taste

Cook the rice and set it aside.

Chop the onions fine and fry until light brown, then put over them the chopped meat and let cook for about twenty minutes over a moderate fire. Then put in the pine nuts and leave on the stove about five minutes. Afterwards strain the tomatoes, and pour over the meat and onions and let boil about twenty minutes. Season to taste, adding 2 pinches of cinnamon, and then strain out the sauce.

Rub butter around the inside of a deep vessel and put in the crushed crackers, then put in about one-third of the cooked rice and some cheese, then a little of the fried mixture, over

that another third of the rice, and over that a little more of the mixture, then the remaining rice and over that the remainder of cheese. Press down each time you put in the rice.

Then place in a moderately hot oven for about 30 minutes.

Serve hot. In serving, turn over the vessel into a round dish and it will come out in a cake. The sauce may be served with it, and hard boiled eggs may be used to garnish the plate.

Macaroni with Milk

Macaroni	2 pounds
Milk	1 pint
Eggs	2
Parmesan Cheese	4 tablespoons

Salt and Pepper to taste

Boil the macaroni, then strain it. Beat the eggs well and pour over them the milk and melted butter. Mix in the cheese and stir all into the macaroni. Bake in a pan in a moderately hot oven until browned.

Boiled Rice

Rice	3 pounds
Butter	½ pound
	Salt to taste

Soak the rice in hot water for about one hour, putting with it a good handful of salt and stirring together well.

Heat the butter smoking hot and add to it 4 cups of water. Let it boil while you wash the rice in cold water, being careful not to break the grains, then pour together, stirring it at the same time and every little while afterwards, so it will not burn. Boil hard for ten minutes, then more slowly until done. Serve hot.

Macaroni with Meat

Macaroni	3 pounds
Minced Meat	1½ pound
Butter	4 tablespoons
Onions	2
Cinnamon, powdered	2 pinches
	Salt and Pepper to taste

Boil the macaroni until well done. Strain and add the butter then simmer on a slow fire

until the water is out of it. Fry the onions in butter, until half-done, then add the meat, and when done put in a deep pan, with alternate layers of macaroni, seasoning with the salt, pepper and cinnamon. Brown in a moderately hot oven. Parmesan cheese may be served with macaroni.

David Pasha Meat Balls

Lean steak (chopped)	1½ pounds
Parsley (chopped fine)	½ bunch
Onions	12, small
Tomatoes	1½ pound

Salt and Pepper to taste

Mix well together and make into balls the size of a walnut. Stew the tomatoes meanwhile. When the meat balls are made ready fry them in butter and take them out, putting in the same pan to fry, a pound of sliced onions. When these are fried brown, pour over them the stewed tomatoes. Add salt and pepper, then put into a kettle with the meat balls, adding enough water for sauce, and let all boil on a slow fire about one hour. Serve hot, with rice.

Meat Balls a la Beyrouth

Beef	2 pounds
Potatoes	4
Eggs	4
Parsley	2 bunches
Parmesan Cheese	2 tablespoons
Butter	4 tablespoons

Boil and mash the potatoes and mix with the minced meat, adding the eggs, cheese and parsley, and onions for a change. Season to taste, then make into flat balls. Soak two slices of bread (no crust) and crumble it in the hand, then dip into it the balls of meat, and fry in butter. Serve hot.

Meat Balls with Fried Eggs

Meat, lean, ground fine	1 pound
Parsley	3 bunches
Eggs	6
Dry Onions	2, small

Salt and Pepper to taste

Fry the meat balls until thoroughly cooked, take them out and put the chopped onions in their place and fry until brown. Then just be-

fore dinner add to the onions the parsley chopped to about one inch long. After 4 minutes add the meat balls. Break the eggs over the meat balls, and let them cook over a slow fire. Serve hot.

Meat Croquettes

Meat, lean	1½ pound
Parsley	½ bunch
Onion	1
Eggs	2
Crackers	4
Bread (no crust)	2 slices
Tomatoes	½ can
Cheese (if desired)	2 tablespoons
Celery	1 stalk

Boil the meat until well cooked. The broth may be used for soup.

Then chop up the meat fine and mix in with it the finely chopped parsley, the onion, eggs, and cheese, and make into balls the size of an egg, standing them lengthwise. Dip into the finely crushed crackers and eggs and fry in plenty of hot butter.

Serve hot, with tomato sauce and green peas.

"Head of the Bird"

Lean steak	1 pound
Parsley	1 bunch
Tomatoes	½ can
Rice	½ pound

Salt and Pepper to taste

Chop all and mix well together, and make into small balls. Fry in butter about 8 minutes.

Then pick over and wash ½ pound rice and boil in water about 30 minutes, or long enough to make soup. Add ½ can of strained tomatoes, boil until the rice is cooked and then add the meat balls. Serve hot.

Meat with Vinegar

Meat, lean	2 pounds
Onions	12, small
Garlic (if desired)	1 head
Vinegar	1-3 cup

Salt and Pepper to taste

Cut the meat in walnut sizes or a little larger and fry in butter, then place aside, and in the same pan fry the small whole onions. When

brown add the finely chopped garlic and fry together.

Then place the meat in the kettle and pour the onions and garlic and vinegar over it and let boil about five minutes, then add enough water for sauce, and let boil. Serve hot, with mashed potatoes or rice.

Asparagus with Meat

Lamb	1 pound
Broth (or water)	2 cups
Asparagus	1½ bunch, large
Onions	2, medium
Eggs	2
Lemons	2

Salt and Pepper to taste

Fry small pieces of meat in its own fat with the finely chopped onions, until the onions are a light brown. Boil the asparagus for 10 minutes, then strain and add the fried meat. Season to taste, and add the broth, then boil until the meat is tender. Serve with white sauce, or make dressing of the beaten egg and lemon juice. A little broth may be worked into the dressing.

Fried Lambs' Brains

Brains	1 pound
Eggs	3
Crackers, crushed	8
Lemon	½

Salt to taste

Boil the brains for ten to fifteen minutes, putting in the juice of half a lemon, then slice and dip first into eggs and then cracker crumbs, seasoned with salt. Fry on both sides in hot butter. Serve with parsley and olives.

Cabbage with Meat

Lamb or beef fat	2 pounds
Cabbage	4 pounds
Onions	2, medium
Water	4 cups
Lemons	2

Salt and Pepper to taste

Cut the meat up into walnut-sized pieces and fry. Cut the cabbage a little larger. Chop the onion coarsely. Alternate layers of each in a dish, add the water, and boil until tender, over a moderate fire. Add lemon juice when nearly done or serve with lemon juice.

Dandelions with Meat

Dandelions	1 peck
Lamb or Mutton	1 pound
Onions	2, medium
Water	4 cups
Lemon	1½

Salt and Pepper to taste

Boil and strain the dandelions. Cut the meat, dandelions and onions into coarse pieces. Fry the meat in its own fat with the onions until they are a light brown, or use oil and more onions. Mix with the dandelions, season, and add the water, then boil over a moderate fire until the meat is tender. When nearly done add the juice of the lemons. Serve hot.

Roasted Chicken

Chicken	1
Flour	1 tablespoon
Butter	6 ounces

Salt and Pepper to taste

Clean the chicken and wash it well. Rub with butter and then put it into a moderately hot oven in a deep pan, putting with it a small onion and a cinnamon stick. Bake until brown,

then take out and make a gravy of the grease from the chicken, as follows: Mix in the flour and let it brown, then add about one cup of water, stirring constantly.

Put the chicken back in and add about 2 cups more of water if it is a young chicken; three cups if it is old. Leave in the oven until done.

Serve hot, with peas added to the gravy.

Boneless Chicken

As soon as it is killed clean the chicken well but do not put it in water. Cut to the bone the whole length of the back, then lay back the meat off to the wings on each side and with one hand separate the meat from the bones. Then wash well and stuff with dressing. After it is stuffed press it under something heavy, and bake. Salt and pepper to taste.

Fried Eggs with Onions

Eggs	6
Onions	6
Tomatoes	6
Butter	2 tablespoons
Cinnamon	2 pinches

Salt and Pepper to taste

Slice the onions, not too thin, and fry in the

butter until light brown, then pour over them the tomatoes, peeled, boiled and strained, and let boil about fifteen minutes over a moderate fire. Half a can of tomatoes may be used.

Have the eggs ready and fry them in the pan with the tomatoes and onions. Season to taste and while the eggs are frying stir them with a spoon, not breaking the yolks.

Serve hot, and garnish the plate with lettuce.

Fried Eggs with Summer Squash

Eggs	6
Squash	6, small
Onion	1, large
Butter	3 tablespoons
Cinnamon	2 pinches

Salt and Pepper to taste

Peel the squash, wash and cut up into ½-inch pieces. Cut up the onion and fry in the butter and when light brown add the squash and stir together. Let cook about twenty minutes on a moderate fire. Have the eggs ready and fry them with the squash. Keep stirring. Season to taste.

Serve hot with lemon juice.

Tomato Salad

Tomatoes	6
Onions	2, medium
Pepper	1, green
Parsley	1 bunch
Vinegar	4 tablespoons
Olive Oil	2 tablespoons

Salt and Pepper to taste

Slice the onions thin and slice the tomatoes over them, season to taste, and pour on the vinegar and olive oil. One green pepper finely chopped will add to the flavor. Prepare this salad at least half an hour before the meal time.

Beet and Potato Salad

Beets	2 pounds
Potatoes	1 pound
Parsley	1 bunch
Mint	1 bunch, fine
Eggs, hard-boiled	4
Vinegar	½ cup
Olive Oil	4 tablespoons
Onions	1, small

Salt and Pepper to taste

Wash the beets well, and put on to boil. When

half done put in the well washed potatoes and boil together until done. Then pare and slice all fine, put into a salad plate, and mix with them the finely chopped parsley and onions. Pour over them the vinegar and olive oil, mixing all well together, and over them place the sliced hard-boiled eggs.

Salad of Greens

Cucumbers	1, medium
Celery	5 or 6 stalks
Lettuce	½ head
Radishes	1 bunch
Parsley	1 bunch
Tomatoes	3 or 4
Green Peppers (sweet)	2
Vinegar	3 tablespoons
Olive Oil	3 tablespoons

Salt and Pepper to taste

Cut the vegetables fine and season the cucumbers, celery, lettuce, radishes and green peppers with salt. Wash well and season again to taste. Then stir the vinegar and olive oil well together. Cut the parsley and tomatoes fine and mix all together well.

Rice Pudding with Milk

Rice	1 cup
Milk	1 quart
Water	1 pint
Sugar	1 cup
Nuts, peeled	½ pound

Wash the rice well and put it aside. Put the milk and water in a kettle to boil, and while boiling add the rice and let it boil over a slow fire until cooked. Add sugar and let it boil about ten minutes longer. To give it a delicious touch, add peeled almonds and walnuts, stirring it all the while.

Corn Starch Pudding

Corn starch	1 cup
Sugar	1½ cup
Milk	1 quart
Water	1 pint
Almonds or pine nuts	½ pound

Mix the starch and sugar together in a kettle. Pour over the water and milk and stir well, making sure that it is melted. Then put on the stove over a moderate fire and keep

stirring until the pudding is well done. Peel the almonds and cut in two, and add to the mixture, also five or six drops of rose water.

Serve cold, garnished with almonds. Whipped cream may also be used with this pudding.

Chicken Pudding

Breast of Chicken, cooked	1
Rice Flour	2 cups
Sugar	1½ cups
Milk	1 quart
Water	1 pint
Filbert Nuts, peeled	1 pound
Almonds, peeled	1 pound
Walnuts, peeled	½ pound
Rose Water	10 drops

Put the water, milk, sugar and rice flour in a kettle and stir over a slow fire until it boils. When thick take from the stove and add the chicken and finely chopped nuts, and stir them well together. Then add the rose water.

Pour into a mould or into cups and serve when cold with cream.

Turkish Coffee

Water	6 small cups
Sugar	4 teaspoons
Roasted Coffee, ground fine	4 teaspoons

Melt the sugar in the water and when hot add the coffee, stirring it well into the water for one minute. Place the pot again on the fire and bring the coffee to a boil several times.

When serving, pour into small cups and sip after the coffee is settled. This coffee may be made in any kind of pot without a cover.

Flavor with five or six drops of Rose Water if wanted.

Appendix

A NEW PYCNODONT FISH, COELODUS SYRIACUS, FROM THE CRETACEOUS OF SYRIA

By L. Hussakof

Reprint from the Bulletin of the
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Vol. XXXV, Art. XV, pp. 135-137

By permission of Mr. Hussakof, Curator of Ichthyology

Appendix

A NEW PYCNODONT FISH, COELODUS SYRIACUS, FROM THE CRETACEOUS OF SYRIA

By L. Hussakof

A dental plate of a pycnodont fish was recently sent to me for examination by Mr. George Haddad of Rutland, Vt. He collected it while on a visit to Syria, two years ago, at a place about eighteen miles southeast of the city of Beyrout. The specimen is a right splenial in almost perfect preservation. It seems originally to have been embedded in a small limestone concretion, but had weathered out so completely that only a very little of the rock clings to the oral face and around the margins; the underside is entirely free.

The occurrence of the specimen in limestone, taken in conjunction with what we know of the geology of Syria, indicates that it is of **Cretaceous** age. It represents a new species of **Coelodus,** which may be described as follows:

Coelodus syriacus n. sp.

A species known only by a large, right splenial dentition. Teeth of principal series not quite three times as broad as long, their anterior margins straight or only slightly concave. This series separated from inner margin of the element by a space equal to the width of a tooth in the posterior half, but somewhat less than a tooth in the front half of the element. Eight teeth in the principal series; anteriormost about ⅔ the width of the hindmost. Two outer flanking series, their

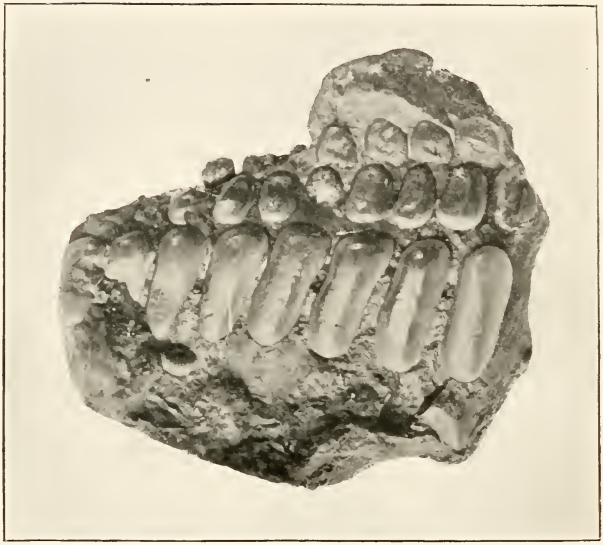


Fig. 1. **Coelodus syriacus,** n. sp. Type. Right splenial dentition, natural size.

combined width about ¾ that of the principal series. Teeth of inner flanking series transversely elongated, 1½ times as broad as long; those of outer series not elongated, triangular or quadrate in form, with rounded angles. A single, small, nearly circular, unworn tooth inside of the principal series, placed opposite the space between the third and fourth teeth of this series.

Teeth of principal series smooth, or with a scattering of irregular indentations (perhaps due to wear). Teeth in the other rows with a central depression from which crinklings

radiate toward the margin; these markings more or less obliterated, or entirely worn away, depending on the amount of use.

Measurements of the Type in Millimeters

Length of principal series, 8 teeth..	63
Front tooth of principal series	12.5 wide by 6 long
Last tooth of principal series	20.5 wide by 8.5 long
Next-to-last tooth of principal series..	20 wide by 7.5 long
Last preserved tooth of inner flanking series	10 wide by 7 long
Last preserved tooth of outermost series	6.5 wide by 7 long
Width of both flanking series (hindmost teeth)	16.5

No species of **Coelodus** has heretofore been described from Syria, although the genus was known to occur there since it is stated by Woodward (Catal. Fossil Fishes Brit. Museum, Pt. III, 258), that "An undescribed species of **Coelodus** is represented by portions both of the upper and lower dentition from the Cretaceous near Beyrout, now in the Museum of the Syrian Protestant College, Beyrout." It appears probable that this is the same species as is here described.

The genus **Coelodus** ranges from the Upper Jurassic through the Cretaceous and is represented in Europe, Asia and North America. About 30 species are known. The present one differs from all others by the wide separation of the principal series of teeth from the inner margin of the splenial, and by the proportions of width to length of the principal and flanking series.

It is interesting to note that although the species clearly belongs in the genus **Coelodus**, it none the less approaches **Anomoedus** in some features, for instance, in the wide sep-

aration of the principal series of teeth from the oral margin of the splenial and in the great transverse elongation of these teeth. Also, one of the anterior teeth in this series is somewhat pointed and directed obliquely forward. All these features go to connect the genus **Coelodus** with **Anomoedus.**

The type and only known specimen is in the possession of Mr. George Haddad of Rutland, Vt., to whom I am greatly indebted for the privilege of studying it. A carefully made cast of it is in the American Museum of Natural History.

List of Subscribers

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS

RUTLAND

Abraham, Wm.
Adams, Henry R.
Aitken, Annie
Allen, C. E.
Anthony, D. J.

Bacon, Arthur
Badlam, G. E. L.
Bain, H. J.
Baldwin, L. H.
Baldwin, Marie
Ballou, Ella M.
Baraby, Mrs. Ed.
Barker, Frank
Barney, J. A.
Bellerose, Dr. A. H.
Berwick Hotel (A. J. B.)
Billings, Seymour
Bishop, Mrs. A. S.
Bishop, Libby
Boyden, Chas. R.
Boyle, Mrs. T. A.
Bostrom, Vera
Bove, Louis
Bove, P.
Bracken & Co., B. C.
Bradford, Rev. Arthur H.
Brehmer, L. F.
Briggs, C. J.
Brigham, L. B.
Brislin, H. E.
Brislin, J. W.
Brock, S. A.
Brohan, P. A.
Brown, Mrs. Ernest
Brown, J. E.
Brown, Rev. J. M.
Bucklin, G. A.
Burbank, W. F.
Burnham, F. H.
Bush, G. R.
Butler, Anna L.

Cahee House Furnishing Co.
Carbine, John J.
Carpenter, H. B.
Carpenter, H. O.
Carrick, H.
Carroll, Agnes M.
Carroll, W. R.
Casavaw, Geo. H.
Caverly, Dr. C. S.
Chaffee, Newman K.
Chalmers, G. E.
Chapman, F. H.

Clement, H. W.
Clifford, J. P.
Congdon, H. W.
Coniff, F.
Conlin, Louise
Cook, M. W.
Coolidge, A. G.
Cootey, Dr. T. A.
Costello, Geo.
Costello, J. F.
Courcelle, A. J.
Cowen, Guy
Cragin, Stephen
Crosta, Dominick
Crowley, Nora E.
Crowther, L. A.
Curtis, W. H.
Cutler, G. H.

Dana, Edw.
Davis, Will L.
Denning, Hugh
Dodge, A. G.
Dodge, Hiram F.
Donahue, G. W.
Dorion, H. J.
Dorsey, J. S.
Duffy, W. F.
Dugan, J. H.
Dugan, M.
Dunn, F. J.
Dunn, J. C.
Dunn, John
Dunn, Wm. H.
Durkee, H. C.
Dyer, H. Edward

Eastman, H. N.
Eddy, C. F.
Emery, A. W.
Everson, A. H.

Face, Rev. E. D.
Farnsworth, A. W.
Farrar, H. C.
Farren, Steve C.
Fenn, Frederick
Fenton, W. S.
Field, Fred A.
Field, Henry F.
Fish, Leland H.
Flory, N. C.
Foley, Gertrude A.
Foley, M. J.
Foss, E. E.
Foye, C. W.
Francisco, I. H.
Frank, Samuel
Frost, O. S.

Gage, J. E.
Gale, Dr. C. A.
Gardner, A. J.
Gebhardt, Dr. F. H.
Gibson, A. C.
Gibson, C. L.

Gibson, G. L.
Girard, P. F.
Gleason, C. L.
Gleason, W. O.
Gorton, A. W.
Grandey, Mrs. L. H.
Grimes, J. H.
Grimm, Nella M.
Grover, A. C.

Hamilton, J. M.
Harrigan, W. J.
Harris, C. P.
Hart, F. H.
Heath, D. N.
Heidel, Dr. L. A.
Hickey, J. J.
Higgins, Mrs. A. W.
Hinchey, F. N.
Hinckley, H. C.
Hinsman, C. B.
Hoadley, J. R.
Hoag, H. L.
Holleran, Bridget
Horan, Thos.
Horton, E. H.
Houghton, L. S.
Howe, Chas. L.
Howe, Mrs. H. H.
Howley, W. B.
Hoy, Josie A.
Hubbard, A. J.
Hyland, G. B.

Jerry Bros. & Dean
Johnson, Louis
Joly, L. O.
Jones, J. C.
Jones & King

Kelley, P. J.
Kelly, Anna
Kennedy, M. Jean
Kerrigan, J. W.
Kershaw, W. H.
Ketcham, S. L.
Kinsella, Clifford & Co.
Kinsella, Henry
Kinsman, W. R.
Knight, Fred

La Bombard, Emma
Lalor, J. H.
Lanahan, J. E.
Landon, C. H.
LaRocke, F.
Lassor, G. E.
Lavery, H. E.
Lillie, D. A.
Lillis, J. A.
Liqued, Harry W.
Lloyd, Wm. J.
Locke, D. B.
Loukes, M. H.

Mangan, T. P.
Mangini, M. A.

Manning, Edw.
Mansell, R. S.
Marshall, Dr. G. G.
Martin, D. C.
Matthews, C. A.
McCarthy, F. A.
McCavet, Cecilia F.
McClallen, E. G.
McCue, D. J. & Co.
McHugh, B. H.
McKay, T. W.
McMaster, Geo. J.
Meldon, P. M.
Meleady, Agnes
Mercure, Arsene
Merriam, Mrs. E. N.
Metzger Bros.
Miller, I.
Miner, L. A.
Mintzer, Jos.
Monahan, Julia
Moore, A. C.
Morris, B. J.
Morse, Chas. E.
Morse, J. J.
Moulton, Leon G.
Moulton, Leslie
Murdick, Clarence

Nichols, W. W.
Nicklaw, N. J.
Novak, A. J.
Novak, Chas. E.
Nutting, Mrs. A. S.

O'Brien, E. H.
O'Brien, Jas.
Ostiguy, N. D.

Paige, E. C.
Parker, Henry S.
Patch, F. R.
Pennington, C. W.
Phillips, Laura B.
Pierce, A. H.
Platt, Fred S.
Pocket, Mrs. Carl
Pond, Dr. E. M.
Poulin, C. V.
Powers, W. E.
Proulx, Rev. N.
Purdy, C. E.

Reardon, J. A.
Reed, A. S.
Remington, F. H.
Reynolds, Rev. Jos.
Richmond, R. L.
Robinson, C. D.
Robinson, F. W.
Ross, C. E.
Ross, Lena C.
Rowe, H. A.
Royce, Pauline M.
Russell, H. L.
Rutland Free Library

Ryan, J. H.

Salls, H. R. C.
Sawyer, M. S.
Scofield, Mary L.
Scott, A. H.
Scott, Walter J.
Sear, R. P.
Seeley, Delia L.
Segale, Joe
Simpson, C. A.
Sisters of St. Joseph
Smith, A. H.
Smith, H. H.
Smith, Dr. Ray E.
Smith, Rita
Smith, W. S.
Spaulding, G. M.
Spaulding, R. C.
Spaulding, W. H.
Spencer, C. W.
Spencer, F. C.
Stafford, B. L.
Stafford, W. K.
Stearns, J. B.
Sterns, A. E.
Stewart, A.
Stickney, B. H.
Stickney, Dr. W. W.
Stoddard, Mrs. M. O.
Sullivan, J. D.

Tarbell, G. W.
Tarbox, C. F.
Terrill, W. S.
Thomson, Dr. J. E.
Tiernan, Chas. M.
Toohey, T. E.
Toomey, Chas. E.
Toomey, M. J.
Tossing, A. D.
Townsend, Dr. W. W.
Tracy, Francis
Train, Mrs. Nettie
Tuttle, Berenice R.
Tuttle, Chas. E.

Vaughan, F. L.
Vitaliano, Guy T.
Vittum, A. W.

Way, H. S.
Webber, M. C.
Weinle, C. W.
Welch, J. E.
Wellwood, J. A.
Wellwood, J. C.
West, C. H.
Whalen, Harry M.
Whay, Wm. H.
White, C. R.
White, Frank D.
Whittier, H. B.
Willis, C. F.
Wilson, F. M.
Wolk, Hyman H.
Woodfin, J. N.
Woods, Carter R.

OUT OF TOWN

Albany, N. Y.
Van Loon, Geo. R.

Ausable Forks, N. Y.
Avery, L. J. L.
Rogers, Mrs. Henry G.
Rogers, Mrs. Jas.

Barre, Vt.
Fitts, Homer

Bellows Falls, Vt.
Codding, Burt A.
Foley, Edw. J.
Slattery, Mollie A.
Whitcomb, E. L.
Wolfe, Mollie C.

Brandon, Vt.
Brandon Inn
Hethrington, Ernest F.
Merritt, Burt
Nutting, W. D.
Ray, C. E.
Viens, L. E.
Young, Mrs. G. H.

Burlington, Vt.
Adams, E. L.
Clay, H. V.
Collins, H. J.
East, Wm.
Hall, W. P.
Lynch, J. N.
Warner, A. P.

Concord, N. H.
Fitch, Mrs. A. P.

Fort Edward, N. Y.
Barnard, Geo. P.
Durkee, W. L.

Glens Falls, N. Y.
Dwyer, Mrs. M. C.
Goodwin, Geo. E.
Lawler, Loretta
McCauley, John
Taylor, Geo. M.

Granville, N. Y.
Copps, E. M.
Douglas, H. B.

Jeffersonville, N. Y.
Randall, G. F.

Keeseville, N. Y.
Baillargeon, Mrs. J. S.
Boynton, Kellogg
Callanan, Mrs. M. J.
Kingsland, Mrs. G. N.
Prescott, Mrs. C. H.
Prime, Mrs. P. M.

Rivers, Alice
Romeyn, E. K.
Severance, Dr. K. J.
Shields, A. W.
Tindale, Wm. N.
Wheeler, Anna

Manchester, Vt.
Murphy, Clarence J.

Middlebury, Vt.
Beckwith, F. W.
Dyer, J. K.
Higgins, John

Morrisville, Vt.
Cheney, Thos. C.
Drowne, G. P.
Kelley, J. M.
Olmstead, Erwin H.
Powers, Geo. M.
Reynolds, B. E.
Slayton, A. H.
Slayton, H. A.
Thayer, F. O.

Nashua, N. H.
Messier, Blanche H.
Speare-Whitcomb
Tucker, Jas. H. S.

Newport, N. H.
Byron, T. F.
Chandler, F. I.
Lewis, G. E.
Lewis, Sam D.
Quimby, H. W.
Washburn, P. H.

Newport, Vt.
Camp, Tom C.
Lane, H. E.
Sisco, F. H.
Tinkham, T. S.

New York City
Hussakof, L.

Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Callanan, Mrs. D. M.
Carpenter, A. N.
Clark, R. J.
Hagar, F. N.
Hitchcock, H. C.
Johnson, Corydon S.
Nash, J. L.
Sennum, A. J.

Port Henry, N. Y.
Carpenter, C. L.
Copeland, G. M.
Marshall, Bert W.
Merrihew, G. C.
Rich, D. A.

Rome, N. Y.
Makin, John K.

St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Berry-Ball Co.
Brigham, S. K.
Daniels, L. J.
Dunnett, Alexander
Ford, Howard A.
LeMear, Sarah B.
McPhetter, L. A.
Merritt, G. A.
Moor, H. E.
Pope, Fred H.
Porter, Phoebe J.
Smith, Grove C.
Way, C. H.

Saratoga, N. Y.
Baumgartner, Jos. F.
Carr, Geo. D.
Dowd, S. L.
Norton, L. A.
Zelikofsky, Louis

Springfield, Vt.
Cary, Mabel L.
Fushey, H. E.
Hart, Mrs. John H.
Houghton, A. M.
McCarthy, G. M.
Sargent, John G.
Turro, Charles
Wilcomb, R. M.

Young, Abbie H.

Stowe, Vt.
McMahon, H. C.

Waterbury, Vt.
Davis, W. F.

Westport, N. Y.
Lasher, W. Jos.

West Rutland, Vt.
Leonard, S. J.

Whitehall, N. Y.
Andrews, A. M.
Rich, Henry J.
Shayne, Howard

White River Junction, Vt.
Baker, Jane A.
Barron, Mrs. Alice
Hanson, H. L.
Leonard, C. H.
Perrin, D. A.

Williamstown, Mass.
McCarthy, D. J.
Teague, H. N.
Treadway, L. G.

Windsor, Vt.
Brown & Fowle

Hall, Mrs. L. M.
Phillips, A. Fullerton

Woodstock, Vt.
Ashley, Mr. & Mrs. E. P.
Bridgman, John J.
Buckman, Elba A.
Chapman, C. F.
Chapman, F.
Costello, J. J.
Emmons, A. B.
Fuller, J. W.
Furber, C. H.
Gilman, E. W.
Gobie, Ector P.
Harrigan, T. M.
Howes, E. B.
Mackenzie, F. S.
Maillet, Rev. H. J.
Martin, Mrs. Ella F.
Nutting, E. E.
Perkins, Harold E.
Smith, F. W. B.
Sullivan, W. D.
Thomas, Leroy E.
Wardwell, Mrs. E. F.
Welch, John
Wilder, F. W.
Woods, Robert P.
Woodstock Inn

Woodsville, N. H.
Fox, Ceylon A.
Greene, Fred W.
Sargent, E. A.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

form 410